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OLD TRAILS AND NEW BORDERS

By

EDWARD A. STEINER

Author of "On the Trail of the Immigrant," "From Alien to Citizen," etc.

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NEW YORK CHICAGO

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To my friends

"THE FRIENDS"

both English and American
this book
is affectionately dedicated

40106

Introduction

ALL of us see events through our moods, "as in a glass darkly," and I do not profess to have seen Europe but with a heavy heart and a depression of spirit, which was not lifted because American money could buy almost anything my heart desired, or because the pleasure spots were brighter than ever.

My cheer, and there was enough, lay in two solemn facts which turned my faith into assurance. First, that there is a moral order in the universe, and God is on the side of the right; and the second, that the only way to overcome evil is through good.

I am greatly indebted to the Friends Service Committee of Philadelphia for making my journey through Europe possible. If my criticism of its work of relief abroad turns often into a panegyric it is due to the fact that in spite of much human frailty in the endeavour, the net result of its work is of profound spiritual value.

I owe much gratitude to Alfred Scattergood, the head of the German mission, to Doctor Hilda Clark and Elizabeth Pye, of the mission in Vienna, and to all the dear comrades who ranged

in their religious beliefs from Quakers to Roman Catholics, and who everywhere glorified their faith in the forgiving and redeeming Christ.

Seven of these chapters were printed in the New York *Independent,* and are here reprinted with the publisher's permission.

E. A. S.

Grinnell, Iowa.

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I

THE IMMIGRANT'S FAITH

HAPPY was the man who was young, a Christian, and who lived in America before the war. He wore a triple-plated armour of optimism. He believed in progress, in brotherhood, and in himself, to help bring about the new day, foretold by prophets, whose golden dawn they strained their vision to see. I was thus happy and armoured. I saw visions, large visions and wholesome, and voiced them with ardour and in faith.

History to me then was a noble pageant; none of this semi-theatrical stuff by which we are now trying to glorify the past: Kings with pasteboard crowns, knights swathed in cotton batting, counterfeit immigrants bowing before Columbia all done in bunting, and held together by safety pins as she welcomes the whole world into her ample lap; and the crowning feature, angels in white nightgowns, singing: "My Country 'Tis of Thee ——"

My pageant was slow moving, through hundreds of thousands of years, from cave and lake dwelling to hearth and fireside; from clan, and tribe, and

race, to native country, and my native country was always America; the leader from man's still low estate was America, the culminating apex, a glorified America. I had visions of a United States of the World, the capitol at Washington a gigantic wedding cake at the marriage feast of the nations, Uncle Sam the bridegroom, and humanity the bride.

My America was not an armour-plated supernation, whose strength was ordained by big Berthas, whose might was right, and whose wisdom was the art of killing—but a human and humane America, blending in herself the discordant elements of mankind and creating a new type of state, wider than geographic boundaries, broader than race and deeper than creed; still it was America, a glorified, spiritualized America; a not unworthy, Apocalyptic successor to the tarrying New Jerusalem.

I had faith, not only in America and her people, but in the broken fragments of the human race, drifted here by the ill winds blowing across the Old World.

And my faith was not blind. To keep alive the best of America against so much of the worst of Europe, I urged an ardent Americanism, a practice of rather stern virtues, an illumined puritanism. I did warn against intolerance, against the zeal of the converter, against the hope that law could create loyalty, against the use of

sharp acids on the bright spots of strange customs and folk life. I believed that in spite of the alien crowds, as much of the American spirit would remain as we would guard and nourish.

I never minimized this peril of a million new people coming full grown into our already crowded life, even if they were the best, and I never said Amen, when they were praised as cheap labour and their rough palms appraised at so much, to keep our children soft handed. I knew that they would rise and ask for more and better bread, and for justice in shops and courts, and that the labour world's longings would come to them sooner or later; for ideas need no passports, they travel upon the air. They would ask for all the good things we possessed, for the low standard of living was not biological but sociological.

This faith in the immigrant was merely a part of my larger faith in the human race.

When my vision of a new day was so clear that I believed I saw the dawn; when I believed the world was ready for a universal embrace; when I saw an ascending civilization and America at its highest pinnacle; when I had the faith and courage to condemn war as wholly inhuman and out of keeping with Christian standards and ideals, a pistol shot was fired in Serajevo which plunged the world into war, and my orderly pageant became a stampede.

I watched the passing of the war fever and the

coming of the Saint Vitus dance of peace, from the large vantage ground of New York, to which city I moved temporarily, to study the reaction of the war on immigrant groups.

Our tenement house was bounded to the north by Italy, to the east and southeast by Bohemia, to the south and west by Poland and Russia, mostly Ghetto, and to the west by America, a not too healthy spinal column running through Manhattan Island, and called Fifth Avenue.

Our immediate neighbours were Irish (the police station being next door), Italians and Jews. The kind of flat we occupied was called a "railroad flat," probably because the rooms all ran horizontally like cars, two rooms of equal length, the kitchen, and the bathroom, the caboose.

I called our flat a union suit, because the two rooms were really one, and my wife was properly shocked when I thus spoke of our New York home to our friends. She called it her rainbow flat, because she had glorified it with a splash of red from a mandarin skirt, a few choice pieces of wedgewood, brass candlesticks and dainty curtains.

We found the whole East Side flagged, shabby flags of course, worn by weather and by waving. There were streamers and banners, and there were very few flats whose windows displayed no stars, many of them paled into gold. The East Side was coming out of the war enthusiasm more slowly than the rest of America, for there the masses live

pressed close, and the contagion had settled. Moreover the war, for the first time, had swept them into the national enthusiasm and in vital touch with the nation's concern.

Elsie and Rosie Silverstein, Mrs. Rosalsky and all the female Rosalskies had been co-workers in Red Cross and Liberty Bond drives, with the Morgans, the Rockefellers and the various hyphenated Smiths and Smyths; and the little Ikies and Pietros, the Jackies and Jankos had buttonholed the population into buying war stamps, just like the sons of the mighty, and with the same zeal and perhaps more success.

Moreover, the East Side swelled with pride over its khaki-clad boys. It was an honour to lose a son upon the battlefield and have him enrolled among the heroes whose names did not end in *sky* or contained so many consonants.

I met none who tried to escape the Americanization which came through a common sacrifice, and none who did not feel proud of their share in the misfortunes of war.

They all shared in the lavish welcome which Fifth Avenue gave to their sons who returned from the battlefield, and none of them can easily forget those days when New York, this catch basin of the world's refuse, this bargain counter of the remnants of humanity, became like the city of God, one people with a common devotion and a common gratitude.

Fifth Avenue became the people's avenue, not only down there where Broadway has spilled itself all over it, with its lofts and shops and lunch counters; even beyond Central Park, where there are bronze gates such as Giotto might have claimed for his tower, and palaces which might grace the Grand Canal, and where sunlight filters through windows fit for Notre Dame. There were miles of grand stands, and the palaces looked as if they were emerging out of packing cases.

The boys, the dear boys were coming home, and the sirens from the boats on river and bay, and guns from the islands and whistles from the factories gave the noisy welcome, as the transports slipped into the harbour. The people of New York, the American people, were standing together shoulder to shoulder, through weary hours, along Fifth Avenue. Though they were aliens to each other's speech and faith, they had all made a common sacrifice, and this was its lasting fragrance which they came to breathe into their souls. Fifth Avenue was gorgeously glorious, a street made for pomp and ceremony. A mighty arch spanned it at one end, a dazzling crystal curtain made it luminous at the other; flagstaffs were joined to each other by wreaths of hopeful green; while Roman lances, spikes, breastplates, helmets and hovering war eagles turned the space before the Library into a *Champs de Mars*.

There was no temple for peace, for Fifth Ave-

nue knew better than the East Side that there was no peace. In the swelling roar of its welcome there was already a note of doubt, which it did not share with those whose sons came marching back. East Side, Harlem boys mostly; round-headed, square-headed, hook-nosed, flat-faced, tawny-skinned, gray-eyed, black-eyed, the despair of the prophets of evil, who cannot conceive of a nation of many blood strains and faiths, and who foretold a doom which has not yet come upon us.

Roar ye Irish, exult ye Hebrews, shout oh Italians, delight ye Germans, jubilate oh Slavs, be mirthful oh Greeks! Your sons have been rebaptized by blood and tears and are coming back, *Americans!*

That is what I felt and heard, standing there in the throng, still with a heavy heart, for I, too, knew that peace had not yet come—not even to America in America, certainly not to Europe.

The war had settled nothing, it had unsettled many things; the darker days were ahead. The romance of the war over, the dull aches of reality were left, the embraces of those who felt like one in their war tasks, had already loosened, and when Katy Finkelstein and Iky Kohn and Tony Vizitaly and Mr. and Mrs. Pucinelli, who were in mourning, had returned home from welcoming their own, they were again aliens who had to be Americanized.

II

THE RAINBOW FLAT

A STORM cloud hovered over our rainbow flat, and my wife put her finger warningly to her lips. Instinctively obeying her gesture I lowered my voice, then noticed that Mrs. Pucinelli, the janitress, had stopped her vigorous sweeping, and was frankly listening.

Why should one want to be janitress in a tenement house, if not for the joy of "listening in" on the melodramas of four floors and thirty-six scenes, the number of families Mrs. Pucinelli was serving or rather, mastering? She suspected something was wrong with us, for we had rather strange-looking callers for people who lived in a tenement house on the East Side; callers who came in limousines, and more interesting people who came without. She even half suspected that we were not husband and wife, because we never had quarrelled as far as she knew, and what she did not know, had never happened.

To-day the callers had been especially numerous, and my work nerve-wearing and irk-

some, and being about to give way to my temper there might have been a quarrel, had not my wife raised her warning finger just in time.

I had been "Americanizing" New York City all day long, and an evening engagement awaited me. At nine o'clock that morning I had had an appointment at the State Headquarters of Americanization, in one of the most expensive hotels in the city. These I found to be a suite of rooms fit for a king, with a charming young lady in attendance, who explained an elaborate and expensive scheme of lectures on the ethnic and historic background of the immigrants, to be delivered to the public school teachers of the state. I gave my blessing to the scheme, and after promising to aid and abet it, rushed to the subway, for at ten o'clock I was expecting a call from a lady who had heard from a friend of a friend of mine, that I was interested in immigration. She was waiting for me when I arrived, breathless, at the flat.

It is needless to describe her. She lectured on Americanization to women's clubs. She wanted me to give her first-hand information about the Bolsheviki, who were supposedly lurking in every corner of the East Side. She gave me a sample of her lecture before the women's clubs. It was a tearful lament, and whatever she got for it, she was overpaid. I cured her of her hysteria by taking her into a

number of homes, walking her through half a dozen closely packed blocks, where she watched the children at play, and giving her a glimpse into the busy shops. She had never before seen so much decency under such great handicaps, so much cleanliness where keeping clean was a struggle, or so much honest sweat for daily bread.

I explained to her that Americanization was not something that could be handed down in lessons and lectures, or in correspondence courses, but something to be experienced. And to the degree that our neighbourhood saw justice done, where in the Old World it saw injustice, to that degree the immigrant would turn from the Old World to the New.

"Above all else, if they come to know Americans who *are* Americans, not merely because they were born in this country, but because they have inherited its spiritual culture, then will they love it and serve it as it deserves." My lady left me with a new vision I believe, with a new lecture I know; a lecture with less sob and more hope.

At noon I took luncheon down-town with a man who was eager to turn the wealth of industrial magnates into Americanization channels. I ate his luncheon, which was very good, and listened to his scheme, which was very poor. He had no interest in adult education, a much neglected field in the United States; he

wanted a patriotic propaganda, the subsidizing of newspapers, posters and slogans for foreign-speaking peoples. His object was to keep foreign-born workmen from becoming restless. I have too much respect for the millions of millionaires to be a party in wasting them that way.

At three o'clock a man called whom I would have kicked out of the house, were I not a professor of Applied Christianity, and had he not been at least twice my size. He asked me to help him raise ten million dollars for Christian Americanization, on a percentage, and all he wanted was my endorsement. I sent him away with a very poor opinion of me, for I told him I believed that a Roman Catholic can be a perfectly good American, as can also a Jew, and the better Jew, the better American. I even included Mormons, Mohammedans and Agnostics among those who might work out their national salvation without the aid of his costly and religious scheme.

His desire to convert them was certainly laudable, and if he could convert the population of the whole United States to the religion of Jesus, I wish he might get his millions; it would be cheap at that; but the attempt to proselytize under the cover of patriotism did not appeal to me.

No wonder I was in ill humour and at the

verge of a quarrel with my wife. For there was the evening engagement ahead, an Americanization dinner at that, and my wife insisted that I must wear full dress. There it lay in all its unshapely ugliness: the stiff-bosomed shirt, the razor-edged collar and the tie, which I never could manipulate.

My wife, of course, was wearing her dinner gown, which she had abbreviated at both ends, to conform to what a dinner gown in New York should lack. I am a Puritan, and I had misgivings.

Pacing up and down, having to restrain my revolt on account of Mrs. Pucinelli, I contemplated the festooned wash-lines which zigzagged through the back yards; for there was nothing else to contemplate, except the pathetic-looking alley cats. Then I marched to the front windows and looked out upon the block, full of children—Italian, Irish, Jewish children—and I listened to the clatter of their voices which drowned the roar of the Third Avenue Elevated, and the rush of the Lexington Avenue subway, and the rumble of the street traffic. Their voices were pitched to the American key, high and shrill, and they spoke American as "she is spoke" on the East Side, and they danced American dances, though it was an Italian hurdy-gurdy that played the tunes.

Some of the boys played marbles, which is an

American game, and others played ball in defiance of windows, the police and the passer-by. Still others had half the block chalked off into squares, and were kicking an old tin can across the lines, that game being the oldest and poorest relative of golf, which, by adoption, is more or less American. The girls skipped ropes and I listened to songs, born not in Italy or Odessa, but in "good old New York." This is what they sang:

"My mother, your mother, lives across the way,
Three-sixteen East Broadway,
Every night they have a fight
And this is what they say:" &c.

"Mother, mother, I am sick,
Get the doctor quick, quick, quick!
Mother, mother, will I die?
Yes, my child, by-and-by."

No Jewish girl in the pale of Russia, no Italian girl in Naples, no Irish girl in Cork ever cared or dared jump so high or so often (if she jumped at all), as these children of the East Side. At least I have never seen it done, not even in this year Ninteen Twenty-One, when, on just such spring days as that, I went about the streets of foreign cities.

Watching those immigrant children I reflected upon what I had done for weeks and

months; the little bits of Americanizing machinery which I had tried to inspect and lubricate, or where defective, stop from running; and then I rebelled, thinking of the misspent day, the yawning chasm of a long evening to be given to eating, and listening to after-dinner speeches, one of them being mine! I thought of the futility of it all as the wind and the dust and the traffic were Americanizing these aliens, with nothing to withstand it in spite of the *Yiddish* signs over the shops and stores, in spite of the Italian hurdy-gurdy and the hokey-pokey man, of like extraction. Stale newspapers a minute old swished about by the wind, the chief refuse of our cities, were Americanizing, and those printed in foreign script, sometimes better than our best and rarely worse than our worst, were Americanizing; for though they brought the news from the homeland, they were, after all, but a paper link, which the new generation tore without conscious effort.

The settlement around the corner was Americanizing; the public schools were Americanizing, crowded as they were, presided over by some sprig of a girl, still undrained of her enthusiasm, always the high-priestess of the American Spirit, and this since the days of Myra Kelly, whose love Americanized the alien, when Americanism had not yet been measured by the yard-stick, and enforced oaths of allegiance had

not yet aroused doubt in the stranger's mind, where little or none existed before.

No youngster born in New York City, or in any city or town or hamlet in America (unless it be on some agricultural island or in the backwoods) can escape the mighty pressure of patriotic impulses which sweep and permeate the country, and which manifest themselves in churches of whatever faith, in the schools, the settlements, the libraries and in the newspapers. If there is hesitancy in accepting the American creed, it is only here and there, and that only since patriotism has been perverted and made the excuse for exploitation, and since Americanization has become a compulsion by machinery, rather than an impulsion by the spirit.

My wife roused me out of my contemplative mood, which served as a sort of preparation for my after-dinner speech, by telling me that it was time to go. She never looked more lovely than she did that night, in spite of her gown's few inches more or less, or because of them. But I was Jove and had to thunder, and I reminded her of her Puritan ancestors, and how she was aiding and abetting society in its determination to go to the devil. I declared that I would not tolerate it; moreover, I wouldn't put on my dress suit, especially as there was no time left, and bravely I concluded: "A thousand horses shall not drag me to that dinner!" Pointing

to her satin slippered feet she replied: "Not a thousand horses, my dear, that would be too expensive, or the subway, for I couldn't risk my slippers; but a taxi, and you'd better hurry and order one for it is half-past seven, and we are sure to be late as it is."

So it happened that I went to that Americanization dinner in a taxi, wearing my business suit, and watching the meter measuring off dollars from my bank account, which is most often an overdraft.

III

A NARROW ESCAPE

BEING late for dinner in New York City is nothing unusual, and no attention was paid us by the guests, who had eaten through a part of the elaborate menu. No one seemed to take it amiss that I appeared at the great feast without my "wedding garments," though I felt conspicuous among those wide expanses of white shirt-bosoms. It salved my Puritan conscience, however, to find that my wife was quite modestly gowned in contrast to some of the anatomical displays of the other women.

My neighbour on the right was a charming lady, with an American name which was saved from being common by hyphenation. There was a certain voluptuousness about her that spoke of warmer blood than that of New England; yet I dared not study her closely; for hers were searching eyes with strange depths, and my salad remained untasted; for who could eat salad with a Greek goddess watching him?

Turning my attention to the lady on my left, I found her a very comfortable, virile type, and I was able to do full justice to the next course, in spite of the fact that she, too, looked at me.

When our eyes met, she smiled, and I ventured to tell her that her name and her skull and eyes did not match. "Your name is Irish, your forehead is Slavic, and your hair is—blond."

"Red, you mean," she corrected, laughing at my attempt to be polite. "Brick red—Irish red. One of my forefathers was Irish," she continued, "and he married a Polish Countess. That was before the Revolutionary War."

"When an Irishman marries a Polish woman, there is sure to be war," the Greek goddess interposed; "isn't that so, Professor?" Then she asked me to look at her, and tell her whether her name and face matched. They did not; but I hardly felt at liberty to reveal the crossed strains in her racial ancestry, at that point in the world's history.

"I am mostly French," she said, after I declined to commit myself, and then added hesitatingly, "and a little German."

French ancestors, I find, have marvellously multiplied during the war, and German blood has correspondingly decreased, and I felt sure that the lady at my right was as Teutonic as Brunhilde.

Amid the subdued buzz of conversation and the pianissimo of well-bred diners, I was kept busy by my two neighbours, guessing at the ancestry of the guests, assembled in the interests of Americanizing un-Americanized America.

Looking over their names, to aid me in my some-

what hazardous game, I saw that not more than ten per cent. of us were Americans of New England strain. The majority were Scotch-Irish in ancestry, a fine, fibrous, and enduring element of our physical, spiritual, and mental make-up. There were more Slavs than Germans, which was understandable in that rather abnormal period; a few Italians, and some Greeks and Armenians, who, in one generation, had risen from the steerage to the American peerage, who were wearing evening clothes easily and knew which fork to use. There was a goodly number of Jews, broad-skulled, Tartar, Semitic types, and others more Teutonic than Jewish; while there were not a few whose Semitism had been bred out of their systems.

I enjoyed studying them, and looking at them, for this was the face of America which I loved, and in which I had faith.

At last the waiters cleared the tables, the chairman cleared his throat, and taking advantage of the fact that he held the gavel, made a speech of great length, in which he anticipated most of the speakers; for he voiced America's doubt that it was a nation; that the war had revealed a dangerous hyphenation; that there were foreign agitators who were sowing seeds of discontent; that the government was in danger of being overthrown; that we had been too easy-going, and that the time had come for action. Action, according to him,

consisted in the elimination of the foreign press, the teaching of English to foreigners, making them acquainted with our form of government, compelling them to learn the Constitution, and watching over our public schools so that they do not fall into the hands of disloyal persons.

Speaker after speaker followed, ringing the changes on the subject of the evening. Those who knew the least about immigrants expressed the most fear, and those who had been in actual contact with them and watched over them and worked for them, were the most optimistic; yet their words received the least credence and applause. Among those who spoke were the super-patriots who wanted the "hurrah" feeling kept alive, and that always demands fears and stress; others again were left with an accumulated stock of war suspicion and hate, and that had to be worked off; a few, who had tasted the sweets of a common impulse and effort, wanted something to do, now that the Red Cross had its millions, and the Belgian and French children were provided for. Many had moribund institutions on their hands, and Americanization was a good basis for appeal for funds; while a very few who, nevertheless, were real patriots, had the good sense to realize that the process of Americanization was going on as fast, perhaps, as was advisable; certainly as fast as possible, and that what was needed was a higher type of Americanism on the part of

Americans; a higher regard for law and order when law and order interfere with their personal pleasure and profit; a deeper appreciation of their spiritual inheritance; greater reliance upon justice and truth, good-will and neighbourliness; and less upon pressure of law, which at best cannot compel loyalty.

So one speaker followed another *ad nauseum,* till my turn came. Ardent believer that I am in the fact that America is a nation, I challenged the previous speakers to point out here, any real cleavage of political import, such as exists in nearly every country in Europe, or to draw the geographic lines where patriotism cooled, or the ethnic lines where we had not been wedded and welded into a common purpose during the war. And I proudly declared the United States the safest national unit in the world, and again I challenged any one to name any single country in which there had been less treason or more loyalty than in America. Social unrest has nothing to do with Americanization, and it could not be quieted, even if every foreigner knew English perfectly, and had learned the Constitution by heart.

Everywhere the working classes have grown suspicious of the virtue of patriotism as expounded by the privileged classes, just as they have grown suspicious of religion. I ventured to say that suspicion was more strongly expressed in France, in Germany and in England than here in

the United States, and that in Europe it found organic expression, which could not be repressed there as here, because there it is represented in parliaments, even in government itself. Moreover, the most radical organization in the United States is of American origin, the majority of the membership of the I. W. W. being native born. The worst strikes America has experienced were in the highly organized crafts, which are safely American.

If discontent exists among the immigrants, it is not because they are foreigners, who are still smarting under the wrongs from which they have escaped, as is usually supposed to be the case, but because they are the bottom layer of our industrial order, and it is there that the pressure is heaviest and the discontent greatest, the world over. Lawlessness is not characteristic of foreigners; as a rule they come here respecting and fearing the law. If they disregard it and seek by force to gain their ends, they have good American precedent.

Nothing can bring us industrial peace but economic justice, and we shall never get that by befuddling our brains with phrases, and labelling as un-American everything which is not silent under injustice. "The fact is," I concluded, "that one of the supposed virtues of our Democracy is the spirit of self-assertion, the willingness to fight for one's rights."

My wife who sat opposite me, had for some time been giving me the S. O. S. signal, for she sensed the situation; but I disregarded it, and kept on to the end of my time.

There was but feeble applause when I sat down, after which the toastmaster called on a celebrated man of generous avoirdupois and a large collection of stories, who "sat down" upon me good and heavily. He appealed to the Constitution, to the flag, he spoke of one hundred per cent. Americans, and resented (as perhaps he had a right to) my criticism of America. After all, he said, I was foreign born and did not, and could not, know what it meant to be an American.

All things have an end, even banquets; there was a rush for the cloak-rooms, and in the crowded hall, where I was lost among long coats and tall hats, I heard one woman say to another in an awestruck voice: "Why, that man is a socialist!" And her companion replied: "Yes, but he is an anarchist also!"

Two very prosperous looking men were discussing the evening, and one said to another: "That little man is dangerous! He ought to be hung!" He was an ardent believer in national salvation by way of the hardware store.

The evening would have been utterly ruined, had I not pushed close to the two ladies who had to endure me as their neighbour during the banquet. I was about to bid them good-night, when

I heard Brunhilde say to the lady whose ancestors were responsible for the Revolutionary War: "Isn't he a dear? I should have liked to hug him!"

That night I did not sleep. A many-coursed dinner followed by speeches makes a poor sedative, especially when one's own speech runs counter to the popular current. There were long hours in which to search my heart, and I tried very hard to discover any spot in it unfaithful to my country. I tried, too, and without success, to find wherein the truths I now spoke, differed from those I spoke when I was received with appreciation and enthusiasm.

I heard the low rumble of the city grow into mild thunder, the milkman made his rounds, and the newsboy had deposited the morning paper. When I saw the glaring headlines telling of raids of radicals, plots to overthrow the government, and columns of wild tales of projected terror, I suddenly realized that the times, and not I, had changed.

IV

THE LURE OF EUROPE

FOR the first time in thirty years I realized that I was still a foreigner, although I knew I was an American, with my love and loyalty undiminished. It was a curious feeling, almost a physical hurt, a sense of being out of place among these people, who believed that nativity means natural loyalty and superiority, and that being foreign-born means indifference and inferiority.

I felt it every time I had to suffer through the discussions on Americanization, a subject which one could not escape; for it was never *mal apropos*, even in funeral sermons. Although I did not flatter myself that the speakers thought of me, it seemed as if they were pointing in my direction when they spoke of an "unassimilated American," "the riffraff of Europe," and the inferior blood strains which will make us a mongrel people, and lead to the ruin of our liberties as well as our physical well-being.

I was made conscious of it every time I faced an American audience; something had come be-

tween us, and we were no longer *en rapport.* They wanted food for their fears and I wanted them to have the courage to face facts. I knew that the national personality which we call the United States was fairly sound—its ills not of body, but of mind and spirit. It had not attained that fullness of being which comes from right relation to God, or to those individuals who were not as yet like it, but were waiting to be reborn by the power of the national spirit.

For this, no paper schemes would avail; no patriotic organizations with their secret or open persecutions, no compulsion by law, which only makes for premature birth; no exaggeration of the national ego, no purgatives in the way of wholesale deportations, no sugar-coated pills, coloured red, white and blue and fed to Chautauqua audiences; none of these would avail. Only a realization of the nation's need of growing in the direction of a spiritual personality, and above all else, a belief that each individual, regardless of racial origin, may grow the same way, given the chance.

I knew that we shall never grow in that direction till we stop talking about our Nordic superiority and Aryan leadership.

However, I began to realize that I could not understand the problem of Americanization, because I was a part of it; that I was prejudiced in favour of the foreign-born by my natural

sympathy with them. I began to feel the need of a new perspective, and Europe came into my vision. I realized that the war had made me a "landlubber" and that my ship was stranded in the black mud of the corn-belt.

Thirty-four times I had sailed, and each returning had strengthened my faith in the American people, as I shared the solemn, painful, yet glorious agony of being born out of the womb of the steerage, into a strange new world, and at the same time experiencing the thrill of coming *home.*

I needed the tonic of the unconfined seas, the quickening of vision which comes from new experiences; but the sea which had been wormed through by the menacing submarine, and the sudden graveyard of unsuspecting travellers, had lost its attractiveness; while Europe had become one with Nineveh and Tyre.

I did not care to see the Mother Continent which I knew in her voluptuous strength, now haggard and wan, while her hungry children vainly seek nourishment at her leathern breast. Why should I care to see Paris again, after seeing her in 1900, the World's Fair year, unmaddened and unexhausted by war, and but for the touch of *revanche* in her brain, as sane as that international pleasure market ever could be?

They said that there was disorder, and dirt,

and dismay in Berlin. It was impossible to believe! For I saw her two millions, marching over the spotless pavements to the tune of the Grenadier March; while the guardians of the city's peace and order wiped the dust from the nostrils of the Hohenzollerns, standing in bronze and marble in that insolent *Sieges-Alle.*

Why should I wish to go again to Vienna, whose honey of music and song I have tasted so many times, and whose coffee and crisp rolls are the acme of my epicurean memories? She was my first love among the cities, and I want to remember her dancing to the "Blue Danube Waltz," a ravishing German, Slavic, Semitic, Magyar beauty, living for unrestrained pleasure. Why should I want to see my young love wrinkled, and old, and homeless, begging for bread?

I did not care to see dismembered empires any more than I cared to see amputated legs and arms; and the new self-determined, undetermined kingdoms were no doubt as unattractive as babies born before their time, and their future as precarious. I had no desire to visit war zones and ruined cathedrals, lest my respect for the human race be entirely destroyed.

Who would care to see Budapest after the Red and White Terrors have ravished her, and Latin mongrels have stolen what the mob left undamaged? Humbled and defeated Magyars

must be as sorry a sight as Samson with gouged eyes, treading the mill.

I wanted to remember Petrograd with her long streets and broad squares up to the knees in freshly fallen snow, the frozen fog like a gauze curtain, through which one swathed *Ischvodjik* after another drove his *troyka* madly. I wanted to hear always the laughter of the gay women, their blood a-tingle from the bracing cold; and of the solemn, merry gentlemen, their stomachs pouchy from the abundant food. Even then there were enough starving people, their half-naked bodies exposed to the biting winds; but they had the decency to be humble and ask God's blessing upon you, even if you gave them no *kopeks*. Petrograd's poor were mostly saints, who knew no envy, and were content with the riches of heaven.

Moscow, now the Red Queen, I knew as the Holy City, the bells from a thousand steeples bellowing metallic sounds, so that the air became as hard as steel and as vibrant as a watch spring. Who would care to see her if he had seen her on an Easter eve and an Easter morning, after the suspended, holy hush, lasting through a long, and lean, and penitent Lent? A dark night of waiting, the throng around the *Kremlin* so dense that it moved like a huge creature pregnant from joy. Sacred fire burst through cathedral gates, swung open to a loud

Te Deum, and like a myriad fireflies, candles burned, and swayed, and leaped. There followed among the multitude, warm, Christian embraces, holy and undiscriminating kisses, and triumphant rejoicings.

"Christ is risen!" And jubilant replies: "Christ is risen indeed!" After the long fast, the feasting; weeks of suppressed desire bursting forth in a mad outbreak of eating, drinking, and embracing. Drunk they were to the glory of the risen Christ, dead drunk and joyously drunk for "Peace on earth and good-will to men."

Who would care to see Moscow turned Bolshevik? No holy Easter, heavy from the odour of burning wax candles, the frying of long-denied meats, the stupefying fumes of alcohol, the chants of the priests, and the maudlin praises of the tipsy multitudes.

I did not want to see Central Europe torn, bleeding, and not even decently bandaged, being fed milk by the spoonful. Yet I went, in spite of the fact that I said "No" a thousand times to the lurking desire and to the felt need. And when I went I did not go reluctantly; for I was to follow the victorious trail of the Quakers, who went in the wake of the war to build houses while the German guns were still menacing; who went into the beaten enemy's lines as a friend, when the blockade had fastened its iron

fingers on the throats of little children; who went in the spirit of Jesus, when Cæsar ruled in the embittered hearts of mankind.

I wanted to follow the "sowers who went forth to sow," I wanted to search the furrows for signs of the new life, and to see what hope there was for the Old World, and what hope for the New; for they are more closely linked than parliaments allow or statesmen believe. I wanted to voice that hope if I could but find it. But I went to Europe, mostly, to have a far-range look at America.

V

THE NEW STEERAGE

MY way lay across the ocean and "there is no more sea." The Apocalyptic vision is fulfilled for those who travel on this ship and in the first cabin. Forty-five thousand tons, in height topping the Woolworth building, in splendour rivalling not only Rome, but making any Ritz-Carlton look cheap and tawdry; a mile of glass-enclosed deck, and the passengers like precious orchids in a conservatory. There is the great Tudor Hall, with crackling fire and inviting seats, a London club room, American in comforts and luxuries, a gymnasium and swimming pool and a dining-room amidship, quietly, elegantly unobtrusive, and a symphony orchestra. Cæsar's favourite palace would have looked mean to him in comparison had he crossed the ocean on this ship in February, 1921.

There is nothing more than a seventh heaven promised to the saints; but there is more than a first cabin, for the rich—a super-cabin and private decks. If our steak was thick, theirs must be thicker, and if our lamb was tender, theirs must be more so; for "what doth it profit a man" to be

ultra rich, unless he can have what other people cannot have?

I did not envy them; for I was rather uncomfortable surrounded by unwonted luxury, and was reminded of my steerage days, only by the fact that I shared my inside cabin with two Lithuanians, going back as generals to their newly made Republic. They, too, came to America in the steerage, and still have its simple manners. Though they had handsome, leather bags, the latest and best in clothing, they had no pajamas. They slept *au naturel* when they went to sleep, which was early in the morning; the rest of the time they smoked cigarettes, practiced wearing their gorgeous uniforms, and tried to act as generals ought to act. I was sorry I could not help them; but unfortunately, I have not often associated with generals. They are the first fruit from the tree of self-determination that I have had a chance to behold, and it is very green fruit, which will add to the world's political dypepsia.

My generals were going back to a country whose boundaries were fitted by tailors in France, and are as new and as ill-fitting as their uniforms, made in the same country. From their conversation it seems that Lithuania is an undefined territory, surrounded by—friction.

One thing I can say in favour of my generals—they are not talking about conquering the world, or about the mission of their country to Lithuanize

the rest of mankind; which is, as I have discovered, a favourite topic of conversation among the generals of some of the countries which owe their existence to the doctrine of self-determination.

Habit is stronger than the lure of a luxurious lounge, and though it was but the second day out and my sea-legs not yet established, I sought the steerage. On that ship both ends *never* meet or see each other. In between, travels the doomed second class, which sees the striking contrast and feels the pressure from both sides.

I found my way to the steerage unerringly. My "nose knows" and—with shame I confess it—I feel at home. The steerage never changes; either in location, furnishings or *tout ensemble.* It lies over the stirring screws, sleeps to the staccato of trembling steel railings and hawsers; narrow, steep and slippery stairs lead to it; dishevelled women emerge with the unfailing babies in their arms (there are none in the first cabin); crowds of burly, surly men, ill-smelling bunks, uninviting wash-rooms presided over by unofficially untidy stewards and stewardesses. The odour of scattered orange peel, tobacco, garlic and disinfectants, meeting but not blending; no lounges or chairs for comfort, and a babel of tongues. "As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be." My friends in the cabin said: "But the steerage thinks differently." They were singing, and in their

singing lies their hope and our menace, that "the last shall be first and the first last." They are new songs, born in the last five tragic years, and there is no doubt nor fear, but passionate certainty.

Before we sailed I heard those songs from a throng of men and women crowding the dock. They were seeing their countrymen off, those who were leaving the "Sweet Land of Liberty" for Soviet Russia. "Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of"—song. Deep-throated, harshly melodious, and melancholy, were the Slav's strains; for though they sang of a new world, in which nationalities shall blend and disappear, the dominant note was Russian.

At first I thought the steerage joyless. Even the first cabin is apprehensive of the evil days to come; but the dense crowd opened like a hole in a doughnut. A squat, sturdy Russian danced with athletic *abandon,* and the hole grew larger as others joined him. The contagious rhythm affected the onlookers, who clapped their hands and beat the deck with their feet. A semi-Americanized Russian pushed through the crowd and asked the balalayka player for ragtime, and to a poor imitation of American jungle-music he gyrated, then shimmied, while the crowd laughed derisively. "American dancing no good!" they cried and then continued *à la Russe,* which was more to their, and my, liking. It was a very un-Americanized crowd. There was fearful and

wonderful English, and more fearful and more wonderful clothes in various combinations. There were over 1,400 men going back, sturdy, fine physical specimens, lured by a dream which they say is taking shape, leaving America without regret.

The singing and dancing ceased, groups were formed, and conversation, oration and preachment began. They were discussing war, politics and Bolshevism, especially Bolshevism. Two men talked back and forth at each other while the rest stood by, pop-eyed and open-mouthed. "Ha!" says one of them, "in Poland they say they have a socialized government. They dress a man up in peasant clothes, and he smokes and spits like a peasant—but he is only a puppet, and the aristocrats pull the strings. In Russia under the Soviet (the true Socialist government), production belongs to the producer."

A tall young man of more refined appearance was reading "The Riddle of the Universe." He is a clothing cutter and is going back to help Russia. All Russians are going back to help the Soviet Republic. "The new day has come! No Czar, no priests, no bosses!"

I joined another group, and a rusty, pale, pimple-faced youth was talking about war. "It says plainly in the Bible, 'Thou shalt not kill,'" he said, "yet the priests are the tools of the capitalists."

"Yea," answered a broad-shouldered, flat-faced Russian. "If Jesus would come to New York the priests would have Him arrested, and deported to Russia. In Russia He would be welcome."

Another group was being read to by a youth of about twenty-four. "What are you reading to them?" I asked. "Out of the new Bible," he replied, and showed me the book—Upton Sinclair's "The Cry for Justice," a compilation of the old agonies and the new prophecies.

So enthusiastic, so brave, so hopeful, so enchanted by new phrases, so eager to reach Soviet Russia, so glad to have escaped Capitalistic America—and I am sure that he will be disillusioned.

"Are you coming back to America?" I asked him in parting.

"Yes," he replied. "But then we, the workers, will travel in luxury, and you, parasites, will be in the steerage."

There were smaller groups of Czechs, Poles, and Slovaks who were returning, also with new hopes and ideals; only theirs were national and not international, and they, too, are ready to fight and die for them.

Mankind, in the steerage, and out of it, believes in two religions—Bolshevism and Nationalism. I spent all my mornings interviewing the steerage and I have not found one man who loves

America as I love it, or as those loved it who returned in the steerage prior to the war.

I am sick at heart. It all seems a great pity and a great waste. "America no good!" And it hurt to hear it, accustomed as I was to their adulation, to unstinted praise, to their carrying the American flag back with them.

If they were complaining about lack of work or wages I would not care; but they are complaining about our poverty of spirit, our lack of ideals, our hardness, and coldness, and blind suppression. "America is ruthless," one of the men told me. "Life is nothing, money is everything. I worked in a shipyard in Camden, and every day regularly one man or more was killed. The Americans don't care; there are other men to take their places."

"America is like Russia," another man complained. "And she will be punished like Russia," he prophesied.

I have said to my heart that speech is of no avail and that I would keep silence—and lo, and behold, I preached on the steerage deck six mornings in succession. Every word of mine challenged and every statement riddled, as I spoke and pled for America, for a better understanding of her; not that it matters much to America that this young man, a native of Rochester, New York, born of foreign parents, should go to Russia with distorted vision, and cursing his country. But it

mattered much to me and to him, and he promised at last to write to me and let me know how he fared, and what his heart said to him, when he reached his voluntary exile.

It meant much to me to combat the idea being carried back by peasant Poles, that America has no conscience; only cash registers and no throbbing heart; only machinery. Poor devils, I cannot blame them; yet I bombarded them with words and asked them: "Who cleansed them of their filth but America?" "Who deloused their children and saved them from ignorance but America?" "Who gave them a chance to lift themselves out of their pauperism but America?" I outdid all professional Americanizers in my attack upon their ingratitude, and my praise for what America had done for them, and I meant every word of it.

I studied with especial care the self-confessed Bolsheviks, and gave myself to them, eager to snatch these "brands from the burning." Some of them were highly nervous men, who could not stand the gaff of our industrial life, and were going to pieces under it. They were like unhappily married husbands who, finding their wives shrews, lose their faith in matrimony. They were men with a superabundance of brain, little muscle, and narrow chests; they were born to be scholars, not labourers, and to them wage-life was, indeed, slave life.

There were not a few who suffered from thwarted ambitions, who wanted to become capitalists and had not succeeded; they were perhaps not shrewd enough, not honest enough, or too honest. I could not tell. I am sure that a small bank account would have cured them of Bolshevism.

There were more who had in them the element of leadership, the thirst for power, and this was a way in which to exercise their gifts. In the present order there was no chance for them. They were like Germany, looking for a "place in the sun" when all the places were already taken. They were born agitators, narrow, dogmatic, eloquent; and a militant church lost some possible bishops, when the Bolshevist faith claimed them.

There was, however, a goodly number of them who were men of vision, men with prophetic instinct, who believed every word they said, who were willing to suffer and die for their convictions. These were the men who pierced my armour most effectively, and made me unsteady on my feet; we saw alike the injustice of the present system. They saw a new and better world possible through a new system; I saw no chance but through better men. Time will prove which of us was right.

VI

THE OLD CABIN

IT is quite a long journey from the steerage to the first cabin; it has taken me nearly thirty years to reach it, and I am not at home there! It is not that I do not love cleanliness, and cannot appreciate rich comforts. I managed to enjoy my tea in the Tudor Hall and eat my meals with two stewards attending to my wants. I even ate a private dinner in a private dining-room, and I took my constitutional daily on the glass-enclosed deck; but always with a guilty conscience, with a look toward the steerage and the memories of its agonies.

I recall a journey on a palatial steamer of this same line; only it was not palatial in the steerage. Three days and three nights a storm raged, and we were locked in, breathing fetid air. We had nothing to eat except the same fat meats and the same soggy potatoes.

How longingly I looked toward the clean cabin, and the sheltered decks; how a glimpse of the gilt, and tinsel, and the clear crystal made me tremble with joy, and how a bite of delicate food, "crumbs from the rich man's table," purchased

from a steward, revived me. At that time Marxian philosophy had not filtered far through the steerage, and though I knew its principles, I made no demands for myself, neither was I envious; but I realized, even then, how the great contrasts in life are overemphasized on board ship, how sharply the line is drawn, and how merely having a hundred, or a thousand dollars more to spend, makes the vast differences.

Then I was pushed about by the stewards, like so much merchandise which was in the wrong place; now I can order them about, though not so freely as if I had finer clothes and were spending my time in the smoking-room, drinking, and betting on the ship's run.

On the seven hundred feet of the ship's length, not only the whole social problem revealed itself, but one's own helplessness. "To him that hath shall be given," and evidently not according to one's deeds. Probably those of us who were receiving the most service gave the least.

There were titled women from England in bad need of repair, like their half-ruined castles. Maids and nurses travelled with them, and they were the centre of constant attention.

Flabby Lord this, or Lord that, returning from a hunting trip on some of the far-flung domains of Great Britain.

Ruddy-faced, beefy Yorkshire men, who had been inspecting Alaskan mines were returning to

London, where they will sell lithographed papers called by courtesy, stock.

At my table sat a nondescript cosmopolitan mongrel, who talked of women as if they were mere flesh, of men as something which it is good to exploit at poker, and of the United States as that "D—d place where they restrict a man's personal liberty."

Then there were the ghastly women, enamelled and animated clothes-racks, upon which some indulgent husband has hung fearful and wonderful garments and costly jewels. I may be unjust to them; perhaps they are getting according to their deeds, but I know that frank, open-faced, boyish looking Sir Ernest Shackelton, simple and unaffected, as are the truly brave, was not receiving half as much attention as a pug-faced prize-fighter, going back to England with American money and a black eye of the same origin.

I noticed, especially, a group of German capitalists who had gone to the United States to look after their interests. They kept to themselves, a huddled, half-frightened group, certainly sick at heart, as they recalled the short time ago, when, for every great English ship launched in Glasgow, twin ships were launched in Germany; the great time when the various Kaisers and the Crown Princes and Princesses raced the Cunarders and the White Star boats across the Atlantic.

The *Lusitania* is avenged, and its ghost haunted

those Germans as we sat in the smoking-room, and talked over the difference between English and German Imperialism. I could not convince them there was a difference in aim; but they acquiesced, though reluctantly, when I showed them that right there on our boat there was a difference in method.

The captain of the ship, the largest and fastest English built ship, is a modest, gray-haired gentleman, whom nobody noticed as he crossed the deck, and I had to be told that he was the captain. I might have taken him to be an English business man who happened to wear a dark blue suit, and a sailor cap.

I have sailed on all the big German boats and have watched their captains, with their chests expanded *in ratio* with the ship's tonnage, their voices harsher and more commanding as the number of smokestacks multiplied, and the sirens grew louder. When they paced the deck it was with martial tread, and when they smiled at one, it was as by the Grace of His Majesty. Only the blind could be ignorant that they were the captains, for their gold braid rivalled the sunset.

Good discipline, like good children, should be "seen and not heard." German discipline was both seen and heard, in fact it shrieked so noisily that it got onto the nerves of mankind. My German companions who drank their English ale very solemnly, agreed with me that Germany was

at least more provocative in her method, and therefore the more guilty. Germany lacked that sense of respect for the individual which is characteristic of Britons; for whatever else their faults, they have a realization of the value of other people's traditions, which makes them better rulers of weaker peoples; something the Germans seemed unable to learn.

One of the men who had not realized that English ale was stronger than German beer said: "Vell, ve helt our noses so high up ze air, unt ve fell into ze—ditch. Now ve vill get out of it, you bet ve vill." Doubtless they will.

Of course, there were Americans on board in goodly numbers, many of them of English blood, but strikingly un-English. Keen-eyed captains of industry, going over to scan the stormy horizon of the industrial world—eager to export American goods, more eager to shut out foreign goods from America; an impossible thing which a Republican administration will try to make possible.

I like to look at such well-groomed men. If their eyes are blue, they turn to gray when they talk business, and I should hate to have to match my wits against theirs in trading. There were many buyers on board, bound for Paris, and a sort of General Department Store air betrayed their vocation. Numbers of them were floor-walkers once, and one never overcomes the habit. The males wore the last thing in men's clothing,

and the females the least thing in women's, a mixture of elegance and vulgarity.

There were smartly gowned, well-bred American women, who were helping to save France at long range during the war, and were going over to inhale the fragrance of their good deeds; there were middle-aged couples going to Egypt for the season, and there were not a few, who, judging from their behaviour in the smoking-room, journeyed across, for the sole purpose of slaking a long thirst, undisturbed by a cruel amendment to the Constitution.

Some men on board knew me, and I piloted them over the steerage, where they watched my mental fisticuffs in the Bolshevik arena. We discussed these things afterwards. Curious, that my acquaintances who have large economic interests, know nothing of economics. They have read nothing but the stock reports, the sporting page; they have gone to no plays except musical comedies, and they meet my arguments with such phrases as: "We must break the power of organized labour."

The poor things do not know that if they break the power of organized labour, they break the dam which holds back the Bolsheviki. They laugh at me because I tell them that they would do well to make friends of organized labour; in fact, they could afford to be friendly with the right wing of the socialist party.

"Line them up against a wall and shoot them!" "Hang them!" These are the remedies they propose for a sick world suffering from vertigo.

Everything which they cannot understand is dangerous, and they have no patience with me because I try to make them *understand*.

I like the Sunday on board an English ship, if for no other reason than to hear the service read by a ship's officer, in a layman's way and with a layman's voice. The pulpit tone spoils it for me. This Sunday, a young—very young—third, or fourth officer read the service. He blushed so beautifully, as with fear and trembling he ascended those Old Testament heights, and stumbled over them as he pronounced their names.

I listened to the great confession to which the small congregation in the Tudor room assented, what sinners they confessed themselves to be in general. I wonder what they would say to a bill of specifications?

I wonder, too, if the compilers of the Prayer Book had no sense of humour; for as I heard the prayers, I noticed that they took it for granted that the Almighty can easily convert the heathen and the Jews, and can bless all manner and conditions of people without difficulty; but when they wrote the prayer for the clergy, they realized the Lord's problem.

"Oh Lord," they wrote, "Thou Who perform-

est miracles, move the hearts of the Bishops and the Clergy."

I smiled to myself, then I grew very serious. They were after all, right. Converting the Clergy may be the Lord's hardest task; and if they were all converted as Paul was converted, as John was converted, as Wesley and Finney were converted, the rest of the task would be comparatively easy.

Six days we had been on board ship, so comfortable that we were unconscious of both ship and sea, and much of that comfort was due to the men who served; who did the hard and dirty and dangerous things.

As I sat writing, the steward was walking about attending to his duties. The last time I sailed, his class was servile—beaten into servility. His was an ill-paid task. He had to eat his meals standing, and I have seen him asleep, leaning against a pillar.

What marked my steward was his evident self-respect. He did his work without cringing and without debasement. He was not ordered about as if he were a slave; he seemed to take pleasure in seeing me comfortable, and he took as much pride in making my bed as I am taking in writing my book.

"There is the light at Land's End!" he cried. I dropped my pen and ran to see its welcome, flashing over the deep.

VII

THE COST OF "LA PATRIE"

"NORMALCY" is a poorly-made but expressive word, and the shores of France, rising out of the mist of a raw, March day, have attained it. The eye searches in vain for some dent, or bruise, or ugly scar, left by the teeth of the war-dogs.

The great convulsion has affected the continent of Europe about as much as a war between red ants and white ants would affect the crust of Africa. One moment's trembling of the bosom of Mother Earth, one instant's swaying of the eternal balances—"He uttereth His voice—the earth melteth."

Verily, man is still like an ant, in spite of having put fire to his anger, the fierce blast to his fury, and poison-gas to his hate. He can never equal God, except in his love, and in that he is still not much larger than an ant.

The straight lines of the breakwater of Cherbourg, the fine harbour safely tucked behind it and the welcome green of an early spring, made one conscious that the boat had stopped; just as a sound sleeper wakens to the morning.

The prophets who compared mankind to sheep knew both sheep and men, and we crowded and pushed though there were ample space and time, and the boat was in no danger of sinking.

Never having had the need of a passport before, except in going to Russia, I now had my first taste of the freedom for which millions of men gave their lives. I stood in line for two hours, holding in my hands two precious pieces of pasteboard containing a description of myself (furnished by a reluctant and homely lady clerk in a United States Court), the signature of the Secretary of State and my picture. ("Ten for a dollar —finished while you wait.") "Oh Lord!" if I really look like this, no wonder the French officer scrutinized me suspiciously and carefully before he permitted me to pass into beautiful France.

A thousand passengers for Paris, and we were all seemingly loaded into the same fragile-looking boat, our luggage thrown in through a chute, the struggling mass of passengers entangling and disentangling itself in the attempt to put themselves and their belongings together, before we reached the Custom House. Followed the hurried examination, came the race for the train, the same leisurely journey to Paris and our arrival there at the most inconvenient hour of three o'clock in the morning.

The city looked like a great gray cat asleep, and I loved to listen to her purrings. Gaunt, witch-

like women appeared, before the sun, and began to scratch the cat's back with long-handled brooms, making her purr a little louder. Milkmen and breadmen made their rounds, carts rumbled, market-women scolded, keys rattled in locks, shutters were lifted, and the sleeping, gray cat awoke. Then I noticed that she wasn't a cat at all but a kitten—eternally the same young, kittenish kitten; but she has the claws of an old cat.

Paris, the city of cities, looks, if anything, younger, more brilliant and enchanting, more consciously and proudly French.

France is swept clean of American uniforms, of Red Cross nurses, of Y. M. C. A. secretaries in khaki, of Y. W. C. A. workers, of all the dear and good saviours of that country, with their signs and symbols and badges, who came with willing hearts, more or less skillful hands, and an overabundance of zeal; all anxious and over-anxious to make the French people efficient. They are all but gone.

Paris was glad they came, and is more than glad that they are gone. Now she is welcoming those Americans who come without smelling of disinfectants or the odour of sanctity—who do not care to save anything or anybody, not even themselves.

Lovely, leisurely Paris, is crazily busy in purveying pleasure. As always, one crosses the boulevards in safety, by the grace of God, and not by the care of the traffic policeman. Guides haunt

one with their desire to show off Paris by night, Cook's and The American Express offices are crowded by familiar, and not always pleasant, types of Americans, and one cannot imagine that a little while ago the city's walls vibrated to the shock of bombs and shells, that anxious eyes watched the sky for the "terror which flieth by night"—and day; that here was the aching heart of a nation, feeling the beat of the ebb and flow of battle.

I wondered what would have happened in a city less moulded by national spirit, less immune to the pain of war through previous experience?

What would have happened, say, in New York, if that city had been within the range of big guns for months? If the shadow of enemy fliers had been cast over Fifth Avenue for years? I imagine that New York would have stood the test as Paris has, and one must remember, too, that Paris had nearly the whole world to comfort her and to feed her, and more than half the world ready to defend her.

There were but few homes in the United States from which sustenance in one form or another did not reach France. Milk for the babies, meat for the soldiers, clothing for the refugees. We ate impossible mixtures of flour substitutes that France might have wheat for her bread; we sang the "Marseillaise" better than we sang the Star Spangled Banner; men prayed for France, and

fought for France, and threw themselves into the conflict for love of the great enchantress.

Without blare of trumpets, unnoticed and unannounced, came the Quakers from England—and from America, when America entered the war. Unarmed men and women in gray, good Samaritans, ready to do clean work, dirty work, safe work, or dangerous work; everything but kill men.

They transported women and children to zones of safety; gave them beds for the night; fed them when food was scarce and dear; stood at the cross-roads to direct the solid streams of fleeing humanity; unloaded the wounded as they came from the field of battle, and gave first aid to the Red Cross, when that organization had more than it could do.

The Quakers have built houses at Troyes, at Dole, at Besancin, and over the ruins of Verdun. Carloads and trainloads of houses were built as if by magic, overnight, at a time when a whole roof meant home and peace again.

There is not a name made illustrious by heroic fighting, to which the Quakers did not add lustre by their heroic service. They reaped grain near the battlefields of the Marne, and when the air was still vibrant with the hum of flying machines, their threshing machines beat out the grain for much-needed bread. They restocked farms with bees, with cattle, and with poultry. No work was too great or too small for them to undertake.

I visited the Quaker Headquarters in the Hotel Brittanique, on the Avenue Victoria, which is quiet and very respectable, as behooves an Avenue named after the British Queen. The hotel is modest enough and would be called second-rate in time of peace. It is not to be compared with the palatial headquarters of other relief organizations. From there the emissaries of good-will and practical helpfulness went to all parts of the war zone. They are called by the French "*L'Amis.*"

The Friends were gathering for their "first day" meeting.

Most of them were from England, as evidenced by their heavy boots, solemn demeanour, unemotional features, and unmistakable English voices. A few of them were French, not proselytes of war-time; for the Friends have made no propaganda and asked neither souls nor statistics as a reward for their labour. The French men and women at the meeting had for a long time waited for the inner voice and the leading of God, and had discovered in the Quakers, kindred spirits.

The room in which they met was simple and homely; an office, library, sitting-room and meeting-place combined. The meeting began with rigorous silence. They were waiting for God to speak through them.

The eye of the uninitiated wandered from face to face, heavy-featured most of them, showing

both struggle and victory. Careless of modes they were—the hats of the women unspeakably out of mode with up-to-the-minute Paris, the skirts shockingly low, and the waists high, reversing the world order.

Ten, fifteen minutes passed; the inner voice was still unmoved by the spirit, and the onlooker became restless. At the more formal meetings to which he is accustomed, the minister would have been a third of the way through the order of service. At last a voice was heard: low, sweet, melodious. A man began to speak in French.

If Jesus could have had His choice in speaking a modern tongue, He would have spoken in that language—not a harsh note in it. The Sermon on the Mount ought always to be read in French. That man echoed its spirit, and for a moment it seemed as if the voice were coming from a far-away source. It was not preaching, it was revealing, and though my understanding of French is poor, I was carried along upon the stream of peace which was poured out of the heart of the man. Only the voice of God within him could make a Frenchman, at this time, speak as he spoke.

"The whole world is confused and stricken with paralysis and it needs guidance and healing. Guidance toward peace, and healing from hate," he said. "The nations have been drunk with power and blinded by greed; they deserved the punishment meted out to them, and now their only

salvation is to turn to God. In the Catholic cathedrals, in the formal Protestant churches, in the Jewish synagogues men need to turn to God; for God is everywhere, even as He is here."

There was another long silence, then a deep, rich, heavy almost masculine voice was heard. An English woman was speaking in her own tongue, and she, too, spoke as the spirit moved her.

"The Apostle Paul did not know, when he gave the formula of unity, 'One Lord, One faith, One baptism,' that the whole of Christendom would be divided into countless sects," she declared, "that church members of diverse creeds would hate one another. He did not know, that after two thousand years, these breaches would remain unhealed, that new ones would arise, that nations would commit suicide because of mutual hate, that races and classes would cleave society into hundreds of fragments."

She pled for mutual understanding, forbearance and patience. It was hers to gather the scattered, abandoned children of many race mixtures, branded by the curse of war; mothers repudiating them, because maternity had been thrust upon them; but in all of them she had found the common need of—and the common response to—love.

"Some day it is all coming true," she went on. "We do not as yet understand the law which underlies the movements of the human race, the

pressure of history; even as we do not understand the law of gravitation. We seem farthest from unity now, we may be nearer than we think."

Then a woman, her face framed in widow's weeds, bowed her head and prayed. Her husband had been killed at Verdun, and such a prayer as hers must not be reported.

The Quakers' confidence and peace are the result of their work in France when France was bleeding, and now, when the wound is healing.

I did not want to visit the war-zone, yet I had to pass through it. The *Gare du Nord* is normal, soldiers still crowd the cars; the blue-gray of their uniforms is now spick and span, and their young faces have lost their anxiety.

The environs of Paris had remained unscathed, the young spring had budded the trees, there were timid blossoms. Here and there, men and women were breaking the expectant earth. New roofs and walls, the scars of war, increased in frequency, then suddenly we saw a desolated village. Black, broken, empty walls, church towers like decayed teeth in the shrunken gums of the aged. Then a town in ruins, a château devastated, a name to thrill one—*Château Thierry!*

The edge of the German push, at which the Yankees stood, and the miracle of the Stars and Stripes was performed. Something gripped my throat, my cheek felt the scalding tears, and the cloud of war hung over me again. Other names

we passed, which three years ago were not merely railroad stations, but marked the recession or the advance of civilization. Then the immortal Marne, and I was in Chalons.

The driver of the cab did not understand my French; but *"L'Amis"* caught fire in his slow brain, and he began to drive me through the long, ugly streets of his provincial city, over the rough, cobblestone pavement—then through an unfinished arch. He told me that it was built in honour of Marie Antoinette when she came from Austria to marry a French king, and through it she passed again in her unsuccessful flight.

"You drove her, of course," I said—congratulating myself on my wit.

"Oh, *Monsieur,*" he replied, looking at me reproachfully; "every devil of an American has tried the same joke on me."

At the northern edge of the city, behind the grim walls of the poorhouse, I heard the voices of children, pathetic voices, crying mostly. Out there they were wrapped in gray blankets, catching the sunshine which makes their pale, pinched faces ghost-like. There were nurses in Quaker gray. One of them, an English girl, took my card. I was expected, and the directress, Mademoiselle Merle, would be down in a minute, she said.

In those few, drear rooms, the great work of saving the children of that region is being done.

Through the window I saw a familiar sight—clapboard houses, built "à l'Americaine" by the Quakers. They withstood the bombardment, while the heavier walls and roofs succumbed.

Mademoiselle Merle came. She has a finely-cut, French face, Huguenot, staunch. It might be austere, were it not for the love and light within. She told her story, simply and with dramatic directness. The numerous evacuations, the nights in the champagne cellars (not cabarets for drinking, but cellars where wine was stored, not consumed). The harvest of homeless, parentless, abandoned children, the coming of expectant mothers, the difficulties of organizing the work, the final triumph. Catholics, Protestants and Jews forming a committee, and best of all, the building of a modern maternity hospital, the first of its kind in France, founded and endowed by English and American Quakers.

I wanted to see the children, and much as I love children I wish I had not seen them. Abandoned children, many of them forced into life by the brutality of war. No pretence even, of love, all anguish, pain and hate, and they show it.

One picture is enough: A small bundle of humanity, a broad Mongolian skull, black, coarse hair, straight French eyes with a trace of the Mongolian fold on the eyelid. The mother is a sixteen-year-old girl, forced by two Annamese soldiers.

Children are nursed back to health; there are some with rickets, others are imbeciles, and worse, some are poisoned by syphilis. Why are they permitted to live?

Up-stairs is the maternity ward. If this is the best in France, what must be the worst? Bed upon bed, and the cradles touching each other. Mothers are compelled to nurse their babies, so that they may learn to love them. After two weeks some of them do. Others gladly abandon them to the *Ponponiere*. The state needs population, especially boys, and it asks but few questions as to the wherefore or the why.

My tour of inspection was followed by tea—English tea; and there were English, American and French nurses. So this institution is to remain one of true internationalism, perpetuated by the love of humanity.

When I returned to Paris I did what I have so often done in New York. I walked the length and breadth of the city; through forbiddingly monotonous streets, along straight avenues, and circled its system of boulevards. I envied Paris its unity, though I found it monotonously gray, and the walk toilsome. There are no Ghettos, little Italies, Hungaries or Chinatowns to stumble into. The poverty, filth, and vice, are all of one brand, and not international. But let no American think that because Paris is French, Paris is safe from social and political upheavals. The

cleavage between rich and poor is great enough; but there is more open discontent, the radicals are not in hiding, and they are more vocal than in the United States. They are represented in parliament, they have an *élite* leadership, and an output of a high type of revolutionary literature.

That very day there was a rumour of mutiny in a regiment destined for the occupation of Germany, and it marched under guard to the railroad station; but beside the tri-colour floated the red flag.

Victory has left the reactionary, military party in control; but had France been defeated, and had Russia been victorious, Bolshevism would have raged in Paris rather than in Moscow. Though Paris is at least ninety-nine per cent. pure French, the present order will remain undisturbed, only, as long as the suffering among the working men is at the minimum.

However, it is true that nationalism in France is in no immediate danger of being swallowed by internationalism, or capitalism by Bolshevism. "France" is not a label pasted onto a country, it is woven into the fabric of the nation's life. I felt this keenly as I approached the *Arc de Triomph,* the meeting point of Avenues and vistas of history. There the love and loyalty of the nation, and its still great grief are poignantly felt. Overshadowed by gray stones, eloquent with the names of heroes—names which make French his-

tory—lies an unknown soldier. The French have done wisely not to bury him in a cathedral, as did the English, or in a National Cemetery as has been done by Americans; but right out there in the open, at the meeting point of hurrying feet. It is the most simple, at the same time the most dramatic war memorial in existence.

"Ici repose un soldat Francais mort pour La Patrie—1914–1918"

Every foot is arrested, every head is bowed, there is a quivering of lips, a shedding of tears. Children are lifted above the crowd to have a look, young boys grow solemn, young girls weep, and one feels like comforting the women in mourning, who, dry-eyed, gaze at the stone. They are the numberless mothers and widows, whose loved ones are among the missing, and they have wept until they can weep no more.

Millions of French women have suffered, millions of young men have died, and in some way this grave of an unknown soldier visualizes for an instant the preciousness of France to the French, and the cost of *"La Patrie."*

VIII

THE SHADOW OF THE HILLS

GERMANY, 1914. German ships, German songs, German music, German science, the German army and the Kaiser.

Germany, 1921? Gray skies, the peaks of the Bavarian Alps playing hide and seek in the clouds, mist rising from Lake Constance, gray skies—clouds—mists. It was a defeated and humiliated Germany that I found in 1921. I saw it in the listless crowd gathered at the boat-landing, I noticed it in the officials who examined my passport and my baggage. The two pellets of saccharin which came with my coffee proclaimed it, and the stack of paper marks given me in exchange for my Swiss, silver coin, told the story.

The waiter's suit blended with the prevailing gray, and the second-class railroad coach which took me on my journey had a humble and degraded look and seemed a few classes below its original station. My fellow passengers hugged the corner seats and gave curt answers to my persistent questions.

Bavaria, the most smiling of the German states

with its rich plains, picturesque villages, clean cities and lofty mountains; with its tingling Celtic blood unrepressed by the sedate Teutonic blend—even Bavaria looked somber in spite of the conquering sunshine. It was gloomy and silent, though it was Sunday, when ordinarily beer and song, and fun and fights enlivened the day of rest.

So this was after-war Germany! Intact, scarcely a brick out of place; yet Northern France, through which I passed a few days before, with the skeletons of villages, towns and cities rattling their bones at me, and the ghosts of houses and churches pursuing me, is less damaged in spirit, where the damage waits longest for repair.

There is Munich. If one knew Germany in the old days one loved Munich, the friendliest of her cities and, in many respects, the most beautiful; a benign sort of beauty, unspoiled except in spots by impossible *Germanias* and other Hohenzollern glorifications in bronze and stone. But there were the quiet, solemn, picture galleries which exalted nothing but art; the *Frauen Kirche*, with its twin towers like huge, cowled monks, casting long shadows; the unrivalled opera, the annual cycle of Wagner, the splendid art stores, where if one lingered, one was lost, to the tune of a good many hundreds of *marks*.

Every one remembers the banter and laughter in the *Hofbrau* with its smoky rafters, its thousands of guests, its modest revellers happier over

their steins and sausage and pretzels, than Lucullus ever was. It is all there, unharmed by bullets or the Volstead act—but as different from what it once was as a sick man is from one who is well, or as a psychopathic ward in a hospital is different from a kindergarten.

Fat-bellied men, rosy-cheeked women and children, the noisy throng of students, Cook's tourists making their weary rounds through the art galleries; throngs crowding around the displays in the art stores, the martial beat upon the pavement made by marching soldiers; gossiping women in the doorways, tipsy beer consumers singing folk-songs—are no more. Munich is ashen gray, the street traffic is negligible and the public buildings neglected. No picturesque soldiers are on guard, and the nights are silent and long. The steins are only half full and "the mourners go about the streets." Munich is sick, physically depleted and mentally deranged—and no wonder! It went through the war, a terrible revolution, a counter revolution, and famine. It has to drink beer without "influence" and it daily sees women, children and university students fed by the bounty of a triumphant enemy; it feels the relentless grip of the Allies; it swung from the extreme left of Bolshevism to the extreme right of Monarchism, where it now is, digging in—waiting ——

Any one who knows Munich knows the hotel, "*Zu den Vier Jahres Zeiten,*" a modest place,

famed for its quiet, and the respectability of its guests, a reputation I had no intention of injuring; yet my room was visited one night by two patrols of police: one concerned with my morals, the other with my passport.

I shall long remember the afternoon spent at the police station; the crowded room, full of strangers seeking to obtain permission to stay beyond the twenty-four hour limit, permission which was quickly granted me when my turn came, and my Quaker connections were discovered; even the usual fee being remitted.

I visited the sanctum of the *Muenchner Neuste Nachrichten,* in pre-war days the most liberal newspaper in Bavaria. The building is an architectural gem, in perfect harmony with the near-by *Rathhaus.* In an interview with the editor-in-chief I realized how badly demoralized are the German mind and heart and vision. He talked wildly about the past—the dead irredeemable past. The future he saw gray, tinged by stormy red; for in Munich, Bolshevism is more than a spectre. I spent three hours trying to calm the man, only to find that he is a sick man. His malady is a sort of sleeping sickness, which stupefies if it does not kill, and it is a prevailing malady among Germany's leading men.

He introduced me to the editor of their foreign news, a former admiral of the German Fleet. He knew as much about conditions abroad as one

might expect from an admiral who has sailed the oceans in an iron-clad tub, and knows foreign countries only from their harbours. He was naturally stupid, and may the Lord have mercy on the readers of the *Neuste Nachrichten,* whose foreign news is edited by such a man.

His hopes for the future good relationship between Germany and the United States were based upon the German-American Alliance; for he does not know that this Beer Camarilla has as much political influence as Bevo has alcoholic content.

I met not only the most insane but also the sanest Bavarians, and chief among them, Prof. Frederick W. Foerster, of the University of Munich, now at Luzerne. I spent two hours, quiet inspiring hours, with him. He was the one great man in Germany who condemned the invasion of Belgium and the sinking of the *Lusitania.*

As nearly all the people I met gave me the impression of confused, guilty men, trying to justify themselves, so I received from him the impression of a man of absolute probity. He reminds one of Tolstoy, though he is gentler, and his blue eyes are kindlier; but he puts the same insistence upon salvation through the words of Jesus, upon the condemnation of war, and of patriotism as the supreme virtue, and of brutal exploitation of the poor. He is convinced of the guilt of Germany, and believes in her redemption through suffering.

His hold upon the masses is remarkable, and to that he owes the fact that he could preach and teach his doctrines during the war. He delivered his lectures, protected by his students, while his lecture room was being stormed by "blind patriots." The reaction at the present time, however, made his work so difficult that he thought it wisest to retire to Switzerland, where he is writing, and waiting in the quietness and confidence of those "whose trust is in the Lord."

I have met sane women in Munich, women who show and confess the impress of Jane Addams. They see the salvation of Germany in confession and cleansing, and struggle politically for a democracy which is both safe and efficient. They are a growing minority, and are the hope of their country.

If you know Munich, the *Koenig's Platz* is familiar to you, with the King's Palace facing it; a quiet, homely, old-fashioned sort of place, at which you looked with some awe. A company of soldiers used to guard it and you pitied the two who constantly walked up and down by the huge gateway. For hundreds of years Bavarian soldiers have trod those stones, and have worn deep grooves into them. The grooves are still there, but the guards are gone, and I entered the King's palace without knocking, for it has been given over to the Quakers. Verily, "The meek shall inherit the earth."

An American Quaker sits before a gold-and-ivory desk, directing the feeding of Bavaria's undernourished children. Seeing this act of mercy gave me my first thrill. A Bavarian girl, the daughter of a former university professor, was my guide—a charming girl, who told me of the privations during those dreary two winters, when the diet was beets, and not much else.

We went to inspect the kitchens, and I noticed that it took nearly a plateful of beans to convince her that they were well cooked, and a whole cup of cocoa to judge if it was properly sweetened. A four-years' hunger is not easily appeased.

Those four years of hunger were desperately hard on the aged, and many of them died of starvation. They were harder on the middle-aged who survive in a sort of sleepy, inanimate way; but they were hardest on the children. I shall never forget my first sight of these infant war cripples, these war veterans of the cradles, with their crooked legs and sunken eyes; their large heads and narrow chests. I have seen hundreds and thousands of them since, worse even than those—a hospital full of them, yes literally "the woods are full" of ricketty and tubercular children.

One grows used to even such terrible sights; but when I saw them for the first time in Munich, I swore an unholy oath, I felt like running up and down the streets, damning war and calling upon

the fools of scientists to come and see how war "improves the race."

Some day—the Day of Judgment I am sure—these millions of crippled and underfed children will be God's witnesses against the war-makers.

It was one of the saddest days of my life, and when, after seeing all this human wreckage, I stepped into the street car, I was raging. Then some one called my name, and I looked into the smiling, beautiful face of Marie Mayer (now Mrs. Lothar Becker), the Magdalene of the last Passion Play of Oberammergau. She is now an American, a burningly enthusiastic American, and her sublime faith and courage saved the rest of the day for me.

We talked about Chicago where she lives, and which she loves, and one must be a thorough American, indeed, to love Chicago. We talked about the years of the war, how hard they were for those of us whose vision and hope were blighted; and of these dreadful days of so-called peace.

I felt that after all, the Oberammergau Passion Play was more than a theatrical performance; for Marie Mayer had really sat at the Saviour's feet, and had carried into her life, which was often hard and tragic, a devout, strong and courageous faith.

She has brought America and the Kingdom of God close together for me, and every day, as for three months I watched the feeding of children

through Central Europe, I thanked God for America and praised Him for the chance He gave us, to heal what the war had hurt so cruelly.

The immediate future of Bavaria is dark; she is full of fear, and her little children are being poisoned by the prevailing mental disease. The bright spots are few: chiefly a small group of honest, intelligent men under the leadership of Foerster, a larger number of liberal-minded women, training themselves for the task of guiding others, and in no small degree the fact that calm, sweet-spirited Quakers are feeding the starving children, and are heaping "coals of fire" or rather hot cocoa—and beans, upon the heads of our enemies.

As Professor Becker, the head of the Student Social Service Department, told me: "The one bright spot in our dark times is the work and the spirit of the Quakers. They came and gave food and themselves; they asked no questions and peddled no opinions.

"I am a convinced Roman Catholic, and I will die one, but I am conquered by the Quaker spirit, and I am not the only one!"

We walked together through the old picturesque part of Munich and talked; we were both in spiritual agony. Then we saw from afar the outlines of the mountains, and he said: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

And I said "Amen."

IX

THE GRAY DAWN

GERMANY is like a starched collar on the neck of a perspiring man. The shape is there, though much shrunken at the edges: Alsace-Lorraine, Posnania, a part of Eastern Prussia and a good part of Northern Germany are gone—the rest has the starch soaked out of it.

The conductors, the brakemen, the waiters; even the muddy coffee and wrinkled sausages served at the station without the customary rolls, all testify that the old system is dead.

The people are ruling—"government of the people, by the people," in the people's confused way. I realized it as I travelled through Bavaria into Saxony, and through Prussia into Berlin. There were harassing delays on account of communistic plots, derailed trains lay beside the track, and the city of Halle, a large industrial centre, was in a state of siege. Something like a civil war prevailed; now under cover, now breaking into flame. They call it a "*putch*," and Germany is in the "*putch*."

The old system is dead, and the new system is not working smoothly; perhaps never will. The

old system had the support of nearly the whole of Germany, with but small opposition. The new system has but little support and large opposition. At every unusual stoppage of the government machinery, one hears some one exulting, some one sighing for the good old times, some one invoking the old *Gott,* the old system and the Hohenzollerns.

It was a great system which held seventy millions of people as in a vise, but comfortable and proud, like a big family all crowded into one pew on a hot, summer Sunday. There were fine clothes, bright clothes, mostly uniforms; every one keeping step. "Left, Right! Left, Right!" Every man in his place, and all eyes fixed on the Kaiser.

The poet, the preacher, the banker, the shipbuilder, the peasant and the cobbler, looked up to him, for he was the head of the system, and nothing could go wrong with that.

The new system knocked at the door of the proud building long ago, and Bismarck said: "Come in," just in the same friendly way that a lion admits a lamb into his system. Everything was grist to Bismarck's mill, and he ground up the new social system into fine meal, and fed it to the old system, and it grew very sleek and fat on the Bismarckian diet.

The old Emperor grew more benign under it and Prussia and the Prussians more prosperous

and arrogant, and the young Crown Prince waited impatiently for his turn at the head of the system.

"A young, lively, sparkling youth, hard to control," his teacher, Hinzpeter, confesses, and the military Camarilla, which knew that it was only a question of time when he would be Emperor, surrounded him, flattered him, and taught him how to sow his wild oats military fashion; how to break champagne glasses against mirrors, against crystal chandeliers, and against fluttering little hearts of flattered barmaids and ballet dancers. He married a sedate Princess, who was content to preside over the three K's, "*Kirche, Kueche, und Kinder.*" The fourth K, her *Kronprinz* soon to be the Kaiser, no one could control.

"When I am Emperor," he said to the Camarilla, "the world will know that a genius is ruling, and Germany shall be great with the greatness of ancient empires.

"I shall rule in politics, commerce, music and art. But first I must get rid of this old, gray watch-dog, Bismarck, who thinks he is the Emperor."

Wilhelm had not long to wait for the realization of his dreams. He became Emperor at thirty, a youthful ruler, "to whom the world," says a German author, "was like a merry-go-round, and he in the centre, making it go." The diseased ego in him was always eager to show off, always studying new effects, never happy unless he was

the chief topic of conversation in the beer-halls, churches, universities, everywhere. Bismarck said he was "a man who wanted to celebrate a birthday every day."

Gray-headed generals began bowing and scraping, and kissing his hand, and he showered them with decorations and titles. Like a Jove from the clouds, he made speeches, declaring his people subjects, and himself the supreme ruler, accountable to no one but to God. That was true; for Bismarck, who had built the system with "blood and iron" (rivers of blood and mountains of iron), and made his grandfather (who had the genius of a corporal) Emperor of Germany—Bismarck had been hurled from his pedestal, and the thud of his fall echoed through the world.

Wilhelm's *Gott* remained invisible, and because he could not pin decorations on the coat of the Almighty he built Him churches, and graciously made Jehovah's quarrel with the Amalekites his own—the Amalekites being the Chinese who opposed Germanic Israel which came with trade, *Kultur* and religion. As Moses held high his hands until Amalek was beaten, so the Kaiser would pray till the German soldiers should return from Asia—victorious.

No doubt he prayed—fourteen years later he also prayed. He prayed all through the war; but God remained invisible and silent, and Germany was beaten into the dust.

"I did not want the war," he said, and most people believe he was sincere. "For that," says the German writer already quoted, "he was too weak. He had no iron will, no energy for such a deed; his power lay in his talking. He was crushed by the shadows of Hindenburg and Ludendorf, of Von Tirpitz and the Junkers.

"Now when it was a question of action, not of speech, when he might have been the great leader of his people which he always pretended he was, he proved to be a small, helpless man—a comedian whose make-up melted in the light of the glaring sun."

On the ninth of November, 1918, the old system crumbled. The new system was already at work in Berlin. A telephone bell in the palace rang. "Has his Majesty not abdicated yet?" "No."

"Very well, then we will do it for him."

At five o'clock the next morning the ex-Emperor, with his diminished *entourage,* made his last journey through Germany toward the Dutch border. There were no flags and no garlands; no huzzas were heard, no national anthems were sung and no one strewed flowers in his path. In the dark and in the fog, he ran away, like a deserter.

Under the old system when I arrived at the *Anhalter Bahnhof,* there stood a helmeted and white-gloved policeman, who handed me a brass check which established my place in the line of patient

travellers, waiting for a cab. The cab was clean, the high hat of the driver was of patent leather and shining, the *Leipziger Strasse* through which we drove was brilliantly illumined, and electric signs performed their gymnastics and advertised champagne and other luxuries. This time there was no crowd, no policeman; the cab and the horse looked battered and weather-worn; cabby's hat had lost its lustre, quite as much as the *Leipziger Strasse* and the Hohenzollerns.

"*Unter den Linden*" looks shabby now. (Perhaps I am comparing it with Fifth Avenue, and not with its own glorious past.) All its architectural monstrosities seem doubly discordant; the *Dom Kirche* looks like a wedding cake at a funeral; the series of statues on the bridge leading to the *Schloss*, and representing the making of a warrior, are in the poorest taste, and the big *Kaiser Wilhelm Denkmal* is a German atrocity. With Kaiser Wilhelm II on the throne, these things harmonized; they now offend the eye. They were a part of him, they emanated from him.

I visited the New University Library. My companion, a disillusioned professor, pointed to the baroque curves and heavy-limbed gods, the gilded crowns and the spreading initials of Wilhelm guarding its portals, and he said: "This is what deceived us. We thought we were somebody, and we discovered that we were nobody."

The *Friedrich Strasse,* which was never a road to Paradise, has become a sewer in Sodom. Around the *Bahnhof* is a clustering Coney Island. One sees open gambling, an unashamed woman-market, foul pictures and fouler print offered for sale; the pellets of saccharin which are served in the coffee houses cannot sweeten the cup of wormwood which the Berlinese is asked to drink, and the *liqueurs* served in grotesque cabarets are as deadening myrrh.

The market-halls have been turned into soup kitchens where the children of the half-starved poor, the university students, expectant mothers, and new-born infants are kept alive, being fed with Quaker food, by the grace of the American people. Berlin is vocal from the crunching of stale *Brötchen.* At the University, the Philharmonic, the opera, the church and the banks, bitter war-bread is being eaten "in season and out of season," and the *nouveau riche* eat the delicacies, drink expensive wines, and occupy the choice seats at concerts and theatres.

The red flag makes a lurid background to the insistent black and white of the Prussian. Communistic literature is peddled openly, poverty, once restrained and decent, has become insistent. War cripples sit on the sidewalks exposing their maimed limbs, and gassed soldiers writhe and twitch to arouse pity, and lure from the passers-by the depreciated *mark.*

Under the old system, the mighty were unapproachable; they barked their commands at their underlings, and those who wore no uniform were anathema; now, Samson has been shorn of his locks, and he says: "*Bitte*" and "*Danke schoen*" and is straining his weakened muscles against the pillars of the young republic. The civil servants, once the pride of Germany, are struggling between ingrained honesty and the falling value of the *mark*, and they yield to temptation; for they are human.

Politics is putting its greedy fingers on charitable institutions, on the schools and on business; parties are splitting into new factions, the Allies are moving their soldiers beyond the Rhine, and the German "will to power" is paralyzed.

The past lies heavy upon the spirit of the Berlinese. A few, a very few, are repentant, and call upon the people to free themselves from guilt by repentance. But their voices are drowned in a stormy protest, and they are called the "new traitors."

A year ago they could say it openly and many repeated with them "*mea culpa.*" Now the reply is: "We are sinners, but our sins were those of an age, of a world policy, of a competitive struggle for dominion."

A larger number admits a greater share of guilt in Germany through an unnecessary provocation, an unrestrained, open worship of the "golden

calf," dumb devotion to the nation and an unparalleled cult of militarism.

Many,—one knows not how many,—are waiting for another "*Tag.*" "In the *Schloss,*" they say, "a new *Kriegs Herr* will lodge. . . . In twenty-five, fifty, a hundred years he will lead out another army, weaponed with the might of hate and hurled forth by the spirit of vengeance.

"We must teach our children that we were betrayed by words and not conquered by arms, that we were humiliated and starved by our merciless enemies; we must train them for vengeance." One hears that with ascending emphasis, and it will become the belief in Germany unless justice is tempered by mercy and good-will.

The University of Berlin has grown reactionary, and the older men have lost faith in the future, standing as they are in the midst of chaos. American anthropological scholars know the founder and curator of the *Natur Wissenshaftliche* Museum, Professor Von Luschan—a genial, sunny soul, in spite of the fact that most of his life has been spent digging for skulls, of which he has secured and accumulated some ten thousand. He was always gracious, and now is more so, mellowed by misfortune. He led me through Asia and Africa, the latter his especial pride. He showed me Negro sculpture and bronze castings, and then, step by step, through his discovery that

the use of iron came from Negro Africa into Egypt.

We walked for two hours through the loot from ancient civilizations, which once were Babylon and Tyre. Then came his "swan song" for the departed glory of scientific Germany. "Now lawyers and saddlers rule the country. They have no regard for culture." His collection of skulls has been bought by America, his library is being scattered; in a year he must retire, because of a new law which sets the time for retirement at sixty-eight years. Then—he will go to Hawaii.

He loved the Fatherland, but that love has been killed and he will die in exile. As he escorted me to the street, past the golden Buddha and the Bulls of Bashan I tried to console him by saying that though everything perishes, the spirit survives. That seemed to be of no comfort; but I brought a smile to his face when I promised him a sack of American flour, and I trust that his Easter morning was a little more glorious to him because he could have white rolls with his coffee.

In Berlin Northeast, the workers' quarter, one sees the gray faces of men and women, the opaque pallor of little children, shirtless backs and shoeless feet. There the terror of the past years tells its full story; there, hope, if she lifts herself at all above the vision of a full stomach, rests upon the proletarian revolution.

I heard one man speak in a crowded hall. He

hobbled to the platform on one leg, and as his passion kindled in speaking, the stub of his right arm moved like the bobbed tail of an angry dog; his soldier's coat was patched and repatched, and looked like a map of the war zone.

"This they have made of me!" he cried. "The war lords, the profiteers! They have saved their limbs and grown fat and rich, and ride in automobiles, and we are beggars! Our children have to be fed by the Quakers!

"Don't be caught in the net made by their old flags! They are no better than the French and the English; they are of the same class and we are their victims!

"Down with Capitalism! If we workers have our way there will be no war lord in the *Schloss*. Some other master of our own electing will rule!

"Workers of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains!"

In spite of misery, crime and rebellion, I found many pleasing and hopeful pictures in the drear gray of Berlin. Germans, coöperating with American and English Quakers in saving the children, are being mellowed by the contact with these gentle folk, and are learning that there is another force other than brute force. They feel the power of conquering love, and they wonder if this is the long-denied revelation of the coming Christ.

I shall always cherish that first sight of the Quaker workers gathered in their monthly meet-

ing in Berlin, with Alfred Scattergood, the head of the mission, presiding. The staff calls him "Pa." He is both fatherly and masterly, and his meekness is not weakness. He has kindly eyes, a firm chin and a well modelled face. He is sparing of words, but when they come, they are clear as a bell.

About seventy-five or a hundred of us had assembled to hear reports; but first there was a mellow silence, our spirits coming close to each other. So graphic were the reports from the fields, from Hamburg to Munich, from Kattowitz to Cologne, and all stations in between, that one could almost see thousands of huge boilers being stirred, tens of thousands of containers of cocoa, beans, and porridge being delivered piping hot, hundreds of thousands of loaves of bread and cinnamon buns being eaten by half a million underfed boys and girls, who licked half a million spoons clean, and sent half a million "thank yous" toward America.

Oh America, America! You may see the statistics; row upon row of clean, typewritten figures in terms of pints and gallons, and meals, and calories, and costs. But I have seen the children eating your soups and crunching your crusty rolls, and I have heard them say in chorus: "America, we thank you!"

How can one write into statistics the voices of little children, or their smiles? And above all, the

sweet, tender faces of mothers feeding their little ones, with never a spoonful for themselves; for the Quaker food is for the children only.

The Quakers ought to arrange a travelling exhibit to go through the United States, showing the German children's gratitude in their little paintings and verses, embroideries and carvings. That would be better than statistics, though the statistics do no harm.

After our business meeting the Quakers went to the *Gruenewald* for their evening meal. From the railway station it was a long walk in the sunset, through spindly, well-trimmed pines, to the *Jaegerhaus,* and while we waited for our supper we sang song after song; merry songs, college songs, Negro tunes, and patriotic airs. After the simplest, plainest meal, I, who, when I left the United States, thought I had escaped lecturing, was asked to speak, and made my first speech in Germany.

Gladly I spoke to them, for my heart was full. All the way and everywhere, I had heard the word "Quakers" held in esteem, and America glorified through them. They are healing the wounds of war, the wounds that most need healing; not only in the bodies but in the minds of the children of Germany.

"Tell us," writes Wilhelm Schaefer, one of Germany's great poets, in the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* "whether this is He, or whether we must

wait for another?" And longingly he stretches out his hands to these Christians, who want nothing in return for their labours, not even converts to their sect; only an increase in *good-will.*

Germany appreciates the Quakers, not only because they bring food, but because she has the spiritual capacity to understand them. Germany is not only the home of the Reformation but the birthplace of a fine Christian mysticism, and the Quakers' spirit is not an alien on German soil.

There is a stir, a spiritual turmoil moving through the *Vaterland.* The young men and women have felt it, and are striving for a simpler life, saner living, a finer, spiritual culture. They are known as *"Jung Deutschland"* and are organized into various groups, some of which are distinctly religious, while others turn to nature for inspiration. All of them are radical in their desire to help create a new Germany. I learned to know best a group called *"Das Neue Werk."* They have turned to art, labour, and prayer; to wholesome, simple living; and they express themselves in books and pamphlets, disseminating, not a new faith, but an old faith with a new ardour. In the defeated Germany I have seen them eager for the "Bread of Life," and I could hear "the Spirit and the Bride say: Come."

X

SHIPS AND GUNS

MY usual coming into Germany was by way of one of her two great ports, Hamburg or Bremen; aristocratic cities in a commercial way, proud, free cities, their harbours crowded with shipping, the jargons and colours of the whole world on their spacious docks, and the sky almost obliterated by masts and spars, funnels and fluttering flags.

Coming through Europe, these ports were my objective as I travelled on immigrant trains, and followed the never-ceasing stream of humans seeking a sea-gate to America. This time I came to Hamburg from the east. How has the city fared during these bottled-up years? What is left of the ancient pride? Is the sky still almost obliterated by masts and spars, and funnels and fluttering flags? What has become of that village of barracks, with its inns, baths, and churches for the reception of the immigrants?

The harbour is well-nigh paralyzed—about one-third of it only, showing any life. Once, or at the most, twice a month, a ship arrives from America, flying an English or an American flag. The vast

warehouses are half-full of war stuffs, mostly useless, the American Relief Association filling some of them with packages of salvation, such as bacon, oil, beans, cocoa and milk, to be sent to all parts of Central Europe.

One sees hulls of half-grown ships in no hurry to grow up; for they are to be delivered to the Allies when finished. Everywhere there are armed guards, and barbed wire entanglements reach far into the city, encircling the *Rathaus;* for Hamburg is in the grip of a Communistic "*putch,*" which extends through the whole of industrial Germany.

In the room next mine there were revellers, drinking and singing—the good old-time drinking and singing. I complained in a mild sort of way to the clerk. "The gentlemen are celebrating Easter," he replied. Yes, it was Easter Day; but no church bells announced it, for they had been melted into cannon long ago; there was the "tat, tat, tat" of a machine gun, followed by answering pistol shots. Crowds surged through the streets, like huge, senseless monsters, conscious of an unappeased hunger.

"Tat, tat, tat," a hardly perceptible smoke, and the crowds broke up, leaving a crooked line of wounded. Ten, twenty, forty, fifty huddled bundles of lifeless flesh. Then there was silence, and my neighbours returned to their cups.

"Those —— Communists nearly spoiled our

Easter!" And they began to drink and sing where they had left off, making up for lost time; while I vainly tried to sleep.

Indeed it was a spoiled Easter, with a raw wind, a blanket of fog, no Easter bells and the Easter rabbits laying but few eggs, which cost five *marks* apiece. There was barbed wire for Easter decorations, and for Easter music, guns, saying: "tat, tat, tat," and then a week of Communist funerals.

I have friends in Hamburg besides the Quakers, and one of them whom I called upon was once the Admiral of the Hamburg-American fleet. A fine old sea-dog, as much at home in Hoboken as in Hamburg, squat and sinewy. His once ruddy cheeks are now pale, and his hair white. Chained to an office chair, he is giving advice to prospective immigrants. We talked over olden times, the war, and the better days ahead, far away as yet, with all sorts of troubles without and within.

From him I went to the immigrant village at the edge of the city. They were shrewd business men, were Ballin and the rest of them, when instead of bare barracks they built a picturesque village, with colourful walls, churches for all faiths, restaurants for varied tastes, hotels for different kinds of pocketbooks, and a brass band to cheer everybody. The plan worked splendidly and paid good dividends.

Now the colour has gone out of the village, faded away with the hopes of victory. It was

used as a military hospital during the war, but is again an Immigrant Receiving Station.

There are scarcely two hundred prospective steerage passengers, all under close observation for typhus; while once the place housed three thousand, and did not look crowded. Then, there was much drinking of beer and wine, and much eating of pickles, which are supposed to prevent sea-sickness. On the day of sailing, fifteen hundred to two or three thousand embarked on one ship. Those days are over. The immigrant crop is short, will be shorter, and will never grow again as it did.

From Hamburg I went to Essen, which is the birthplace of the "Big Bertha" and all "her sisters and her cousins and her aunts." Father Iron and Mother Coal, the parents, were born, "brought up" and married there, *Meister* Krupp being the priest who performed the ceremony. Of course other things were born there too—pans and kettles, ingots and steel girders, and a very fine system of housing, and caring for working people.

Hospitals, recreation halls, and homes for convalescents interested me when I came to see them some ten years ago; not the guns and the pots and the kettles.

Then Essen was black and heavy from sulphur fumes, and lighted up by the flare of open hearths and the flow of molten metal. Endless walls shut in the huge works, and through the great gates,

well guarded, tens of thousands of men passed to and from their work.

I was welcomed then to see the good works—but not the evil. A guide was given me to show what the Krupps were doing for their employees. I saw happy, care-free old men and women, in picturesque cottages, awaiting their release. I saw men recovering from bruises or burns, reclining in easy chairs or playing games.

There were working men's homes, inspected and controlled, bronze monuments to labour, and one to the "dear departed" younger Krupp, whose end was veiled in mystery. I walked and talked, wearying my guide, who would have preferred sitting in some inn, drinking a glass of Krupp beer (the beer was also benevolently controlled).

Now, Essen is raw and cold, the hotel is unheated, the streets are dimly lighted, the flames flare but feebly; guns and cannon are being broken into junk, and locomotives being turned out by the Krupps at the rate of one and a half a day—that is when there is no strike, or when the Spartacists are not threatening to blow up the landscape, as they did the day I was there.

The walls of the Krupp works and walls everywhere are plastered with placards, red, white and pink—one over the other. Now a Communistic, then a Socialistic, a German Nationalistic, or over them all, a proclamation by the burgomaster, counselling against more than two people being to-

gether on the streets, and prohibiting all public demonstrations.

Ten years ago hundreds of soldiers, or even thousands, marching down the streets would have created no sensation. A dozen of them now, walking as slowly as a funeral procession, command every one's attention; for their guns mean real business and their belts are full of hand grenades. The day before my arrival they killed thirty people, wounded twice as many, and are ready to shoot again.

The Kaiserhof Hotel was new to me. It is a gorgeous hostelry with an almost American lobby. A group of American relief workers sat at the dinner table with two German guests, a poet, and the city physician, the latter speaking no English.

Edward Moon, the head of the Quaker mission, speaks a fantastic German. He is indignant (humorously so) over the way he learned his college German. "Mein teacher taught me Wilhelm Tell *und die Lorelei, und ich habe* now to know about *Umsteigen* and *Kochen Beans,* and I learned about comben *mein* golden hair," he said, dramatically sweeping his hand over the top of his head, which is as free from hair as his heart is from guile. His wife is a jewel, a Quaker jewel, and we all got on famously with the poet and the city physician. Every one knows that the Germans are thorough and are much given to statistics; but the physician admits that these Americans have made statistics

intelligible, and, above all else, have centered Germany's attention on her children.

The offices of the Quaker Mission in the *Keramik* House are typically American, with their typewriters, tabulating machines, manifolders, and a something more cheery and homelike, and marvellously human. They have atmosphere, a new atmosphere unknown in the *Bureaus* of German Bureaucracy.

I visited the home of the Moons, on the *Bismarck Strasse*. The widow of a steel master owns it and lives in it, in harmonious relationship with these Americans, who were quartered there by the law, which allows just so many rooms to a householder, and commandeers all surplus. In this home there are thirteen people who live where one old couple once resided, in pompous splendour. The house is over-furnished, and smothered in bric-à-brac in the poorest of poor taste. I have never seen such poor taste in America, and we have sinned grievously in that direction. There are grotesque vases, impossible furniture, cabinets stuffed full of knickknacks, and portraits of the Imperial family! For the old lady will not be weaned from her loyalty to the Hohenzollerns.

I also visited the home of a radical miner whom I met ten years before. Then, he was a moderate Socialist, now, he is the reddest of the red. His home is one room and a kitchen, for five people. His noon meal was a slice of bread with a

very thin coating of lard over it, a plate of potatoes and cabbage mixed, and a weak brew of coffee without sugar or milk. Upon that he has to subsist, working eight hours a day in the bowels of the earth. For what? For whom?

If the home had been dirty and the children had been in rags; if they had begged for money or bread, it would not have been half so pathetic as it was, with the rooms sweet smelling, the children's threadbare clothes clean and neatly patched, the wife's face a marble pallor, like that of a suffering Madonna. The man is a burning torch, ready to consume or be consumed. I could not stay long, hardly fifteen minutes, the room was so tragically chilly, like a tomb, in which living beings had been immured.

"I may die to-morrow," the husband said. "I shall be glad to die; it is better to die than to live."

It does not matter what one's views are upon the question of reparations. When they are paid, it will not be the Krupps who will feel the burden, or the steel master's widow in that bourgeois home, who will suffer. They will be provided for. It is the miners and the melters of metal, who are now living at the edge of despair, who will be crushed.

XI

SIN AND SACRIFICE

I WONDER whether the city fathers of Frankfort-on-the-Main deliberately put their war memorial opposite the Bismarck Statue—the crushed figure of a woman, every line crying out in grief, even the bare breast? If they did place it there with *malice prepense* did they mean to point a moral? The Bismarck statue shows him leading the mounted *Germania*. She does not even look at her foes, crushed beneath the horse's feet; but gazes far out into the illimitable distance, seeing conquests, colonies, continents—perhaps the world—to be ruled by her.

A few yards away, now stands the war memorial, a pitiable, weary, drained, sorrowful mother, who mourns not only the children of her womb, lying deep in the dust of Belgium and France,—not only the squandered wealth of the fathers, the health of infants, the mortgaged future of the yet unborn—she mourns her fair name, soiled and besmirched, dragged through the deep mire of history.

Are the city fathers reproaching Bismarck for his policy of "blood and iron," the dominance of Prussia, the rulership of the Hohenzollerns? Or do they mean to say: "If Bismarck had led *Germania's* steed, it might not have come to this"?

Upon that point the German people are not agreed; but there are not a few men living who foresaw in Bismarck's policy the inevitable doom. Baron von Putzkammer, himself a Prussian, said in the spring of 1915, when the German offensive was checked, and victory did not perch obediently upon the German banners—"Finally, finally, comes the judgment. Now the sin will be atoned for. I had lost faith in the moral code of the universe! Praised be the judgment which has come upon Prussianized Germany! There will arise out of it the Germany of old. God be praised!

"The work of blood and iron is being destroyed. So it had to come; for one does not conjure the evil spirits for fifty years for nought! Now Bismarck has come to his end, finally, finally!"

Finally, yes, finally, *Germania* is checked on the bridgeheads of the Rhine. Whatever sin there was in the Bismarck policy, here is the penalty. "The Rhine, the Rhine, they shall not have it; the German, German Rhine!"

The Rhine is occupied, and bears the marks. A proud, haughtily smiling river, it is more than

a river, it is a stream of blood, and the occupation has turned the corpuscles from red to pale white. There are companies of soldiers around stacked arms, the noses of menacing tanks pointing up into the air, machine guns with lean necks and round fat stomachs; then, looming up suddenly, like two hands lifted in solemn petition, are the towers of the "*Dom of Cöln.*"

In the "good old days" Cologne was either the beginning or the end of the Rhine journey, and the *Dom* was the objective. Innumerable throngs of "Cooky" tourists looked at the superb cathedral, and some of them felt the power of every upreaching turret. Some compared its height to the stand-pipe or some other tallest thing back in their booming town in the U. S. A. None could escape the holy power of that noble interior, and they whispered admiration and felt the worshipful mood.

Now the *Dom* seems lost to view. English Tommies squat on the steps, one's favourite hotel has been commandeered and made into headquarters for something; another and another has shared the same fate, showing the same wear and tear. There are placards in English commanding this or that thing, and when the Tommies read them aloud, one stumbles over dropped h's. Such and such a place is closed to civilians, soldiers are permitted to go to the public restaurants until the fantastic hour of twenty-three; so that magic

number comes into its own again. (There is no A. M. or P. M. in the English zone.) The English officers are unmistakably and uncompromisingly English, the monocle making their immobile faces more rigid.

A few hours of daylight, then the night, a new morning and after a short railroad journey I saw the American flag floating from the fortress of *Ehrenbreitenstein.* The *Vaterland* is a little *ruhiger* where the Yanks keep "Watch on the Rhine" —though feverish enough, and the truth of it even stranger than fiction! Any man who had foretold this ten years ago, who had visioned the American flag waving from the Kaiser's favourite palace, and Yankee soldiers spilled all over the streets of Coblenz, would have been declared a lunatic.

Friendly boys they are, young boys on the whole, these Yankee soldiers, with here and there a toughened specimen of the regulars. The rest are youngsters upon an adventure, doing their time without much else on their minds than how many *marks* one gets for a dollar. Yet how quickly they go in spite of their number, because of everlasting thirst, blue-eyed *fräuleins* and fickle fortune at cards.

The Y. M. C. A. keeps brotherly guard over them—and sisterly, which they like better. There are huts everywhere, from Andernach to Biebrich; cheerful places with pictures, flowers, ham sandwiches, ice-cream, and "Oh Lady! — Pie!"

Young women, some of them old enough to be older sisters, keep the huts, adorn them, sell the goodies, offer good advice gratis, and make these soldiers' camps as sweet and attractive as only one or two young women, resourceful to the finger-tips, can.

A militarized Y. M. C. A. secretary took me the rounds. First to the fortresses. Fort Roland, then to *Ehrenbreitenstein.* Unchallenged, our Ford entered, and bumped us through dark tunnels; huge gates, never before opened to sight-seeing civilians, swung wide upon ugly barracks, sun-baked, empty drill grounds, guard-houses full to overflowing, and in a labyrinth of walks and walls is the Y. M. C. A. hut.

The "Y" girls were busy; it was pay-day and heyday, for the boys spend their money while the sun shines—also, alas, when it does not shine. I saw on one boy's plate two ham sandwiches, two chocolate sundaes, three pieces of pie stacked like pancakes; and then he had a second helping. The boys can't be homesick at Coblenz. They are in America, more indeed than if they were at Yuma, or in some other hot place in Arizona or New Mexico, and the reason is, largely, the Y. M. C. A. men, and especially the women.

The citizens do their share to make the boys feel at home. "Come in and get a genuine boot-black," "Bootblacking done in all colours," "Mince pies *that* mother used to bake," "Amer-

ican money changed at highest *rats.*" By these and other signs they express their interest in the boys, and the boys reciprocate.

On pay-day they go from café to café. They buy everything, from Marizpan cakes to bottles of wine, and judging by the unsteadiness of some of them, they have purchased *Cognac,* which they pronounce "Kooneyack," and which the law pronounces "dangerous and forbidden."

The great "*Fest-Halle*" belongs to the boys, and nowhere in their native country have they so fine a place for entertainment. Boxing, theatricals, concerts, everything is theirs, the best there is; yet when one gets beneath the surface, one sees that they also get the worst there is—both they and the people of the occupied area. The America they bring to Coblenz and the neighbouring villages is hardly fit for export, and an army of occupation is rarely a cultural agency. The officers, even the militarized Y. M. C. A., are forbidden fraternizing with the native population, so whatever of the good or noble we have, is not spread abroad; while the vulgar or wicked is scattered broadcast.

If the English and American occupation rests heavily upon the inhabitants of the Rhine region, what is to be said of the pressure of grim, French soldiers, each one a foe, a bitter foe? English and American, especially American soldiers, meet their kinsmen in these Germans, and leave them

still more closely related; for they marry German *Fräuleins,* and the Rhine will be a river-in-law to thousands of our soldiers. But the French soldiers march through Mayence and Wiesbaden, their heels striking the pavement hard, as if to say: "You, you Germans are under our heels and we will grind you to powder."

The Colonials, the coloured soldiers of France, look worse to us in America, with our colour-phobia, than they do to the Germans upon whom they are inflicted, according to the testimony of the Germans in the occupied region. The coloured soldiers are no worse than the white. They are only different, and very attractive to the white women there. Mulatto children are born on the Rhine, and the head nurse of the Maternity Hospital told me that in each case it was a voluntary surrender.

The editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* a man whose vision has remained refreshingly clear, told me the following: During the brief occupation of Frankfort by the French, he, as a newspaper man, was free from the compulsion of being indoors at nine o'clock at night. Walking through the deserted street one night, he met a coloured trooper and said to him in French: "This is not very exciting." To which the man replied: "No, *Monsieur,* it is not, and I don't want excitement. I want to go home to my people. Perhaps some day, white men will have sense enough to prevent

such a calamity as this war, and we may all remain at home and eat our bread in peace."

Perhaps it has come true that God has "confounded the wise and prudent," and that "out of the mouth of"—Colonials—who are but "babes and sucklings," "He has ordained strength."

XII

FINIS AUSTRIA

A NIGHT in bed is time lost in sleep, a night in a railway station, waiting for a train, is an experience. At such a time life assumes a strange aspect. From eleven P. M. to one A. M. each hour has one hundred and twenty minutes; after that, one hundred and eighty. One's body has at least eight sides, twice as many angles, and bones are discovered where none were before. Odours become so distinct that they assume individuality, eight minutes of sleep do as well as the orthodox eight hours spent in bed, and a cup of coffee has the quickening power of a hypodermic injection.

The happy moment of semi-unconsciousness had come to me, in spite of scolding barmaids and crying children, the snoring drummer, and the boastful immigrants returning from America. An occasional switch engine and the ticking telegraph instruments blended into a lullaby. I was being rocked to sleep by invisible hands, when suddenly I became aware that my body had been cut into three parts, and each part had retained consciousness. One part of me had already entered Austria, after a long parley with the offi-

cials, who were not accustomed to grant entry to trunkless heads. My legs were still in Germany, and it seemed impossible to obtain permission to remove them. The middle of me had sagged between the two countries, and was not particular where it went.

Professor Freud certainly would have found the source of my dream in "suppressed desires"; but it was more easily explained. I had gone to sleep on three chairs in the railway station at Passau, where a through train from Frankfurt had dropped me, refusing to go further. The chairs had accepted the doctrine of self-determination and were drifting apart.

The noises began to be distinct again, the odours also; I heard the barking of a dog, and strange yet familiar noises and odours suddenly intruded upon the first. I distinguished the smell of Russian sheepskin coats added to the sweat of ages, odours of camels, musty oriental rags, cabbage and salted fish—all ineffectively drowned in carbolic acid.

I felt a dog's cold nose rubbing my face, and opening my eyes I saw a huge, gray fur cap, a shaggy sheepskin coat, and a beard such as Russians raise, as a monument to their spent youth. Feverishly glowing eyes were looking into mine from out a pale, emaciated face, and sensitive lips were smiling at my having slid to the floor.

I became aware of a roar of voices, such as I

had never heard before; neither human nor animal, but an unhappy combination of both. I began to distinguish speech: German in various Austrian dialects, and the hard Magyar, children crying in Esperanto, and the shrill voices of women, scolding in Russian.

"We are war-prisoners returning from the East," the pale face spoke. Then as men, women and children came pouring into the room and out again in a most strange and uncanny manner, I began slowly to realize that I was witnessing one of the last, long-delayed phases of the World War; the return of the Austrian prisoners, who were the first to be captured and the last to be released. This, then, was the last page of the last chapter: Finis Austria.

This, what was left of the valiant ones, after typhus, Kolchak, Denikin, Wrangle and the Bolsheviki had finished with them. Eighteen hundred bundles of skin and bone, and filthy rags, bringing home Russian women and half-breed children; more hungry ones to stare at the empty larder.

What a sight it was! No nurses, no Red Cross officials, no steaming cups of coffee, no fluttering flags, no brass bands. Nothing but one wretched train-load after another, insupportable delays, and finally home—if home there was.

This was the end of dreams of Empire, the result of Alliances, and the plotting of Pan-

Germanism; of conspiracies, of stupid policies by a half-witted, selfish dynasty.

We talked it all over, the pale-faced one and I, as we drank numerous cups of hot coffee; he in a high-pitched, nervous voice interrupted by a racking cough; I, awestruck and questioning. Strange tales he told of hardships and long wanderings, of unspeakable cruelties where kindness was to be expected, and of unexpected kindness where none was hoped for. Of bleak camps, and the crowding together of thousands and tens of thousands of unfortunates; of human greed, of cruelty among those who had already suffered much. Of the strong oppressing the weak, and the shrewd, exploiting the simple; of law and order created by circumstances, and of the beast in man, refusing to be governed.

He had been all but dead, the pale-faced one. He knew the feeling of the grave, and of earthworms eating his skin. Then the touch of kindness warmed him back—a dog—a masterless, hungry dog—the dog sitting on his haunches by us as we talked, looking virtuous, as if he knew we were speaking of his good deed.

So the pale one was finally brought back—to what? To a changed world in which he was a stranger, not knowing of what country he was a citizen, with no news from home for years, ignorant of what desolation might await him there.

Hundreds like him crowded the station, frag-

ments of a great army, fragments of an Empire in ruins, fragments of human beings with bodies worn and minds dulled.

"Lost, a Fatherland!" That is what he said to me with a bitter smile. Lost, the faith he cherished, a wisp of straw whirled about by the expiring breath of a cyclone.

It was a gruesome sight, those hundreds of gray figures in the gray morning, and with the sunrise they were gone, like a bad dream.

About nine o'clock in the morning I was admitted into the fragment of a country, once great and powerful, always proud. Nothing is left of the broad, rich plains which fed her, little of mineral mines, nothing of coal, the harbours to the sea gone. Just a wrinkled peanut in a cracked shell—that is Austria.

One could not love the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, except, perhaps, as a little boy loves a menagerie; yet as I saw the wreck of it I felt a profound pity. I wanted to get out of the train and climb those blue foothills of the Alps, and pet them, and speak comforting words to those picturesque villages and towns, nestling close. I wanted to tell them that I loved them in their humiliation, as I did not love them in the days of their pride.

I wanted to call to the Danube, along whose beautiful banks we travelled, and tell it that I

loved it when, a student, I wandered beside its waters; how I envied it because it was unconscious of the political and racial quarrels which wrung my heart. I wanted to sing to it the Danube songs I used to sing, when the river inspired in me high thoughts, and made me dream dreams.

The Danube narrows, and rushes, and roars, and grows ever more glorious. Ruins of castles were reflected in its turbulent waters, and beyond, I saw the Abbey of Melk, like a city crowning a hilltop. Vast fields and forests circle the monastery, the church and the schools.

I wished I might make a pilgrimage to Melk, and tell the *padres* how a little boy used to haunt the Abbey on Sunday afternoons. How he breathed deeply of the pure, sweet, solemn air, and how it strengthened his spirit, struggling with the flesh.

I wanted to creep into that vaulted library to see if that same old, tall, thin librarian still watched over those sacred tomes. Once, he pulled one of them out for the little boy, and made his eyes fairly bulge, seeing those stiff, yellow, illuminated pages, upon which pious monks wrote with infinite patience, letter upon letter, that piety and learning might not vanish from the world. That little boy had an ambitious thought born in him among those books. He would write books, too, or, like the good *padres,* wander about the cloisters of a library, reading them.

Theirs were saintly faces, sweet, calm faces which the little boy, long since grown to be a man, misses in our hurly-burly America. He wanted to tell those men that looking at them did him good; though they probably never noticed the curly-haired, blue-eyed youth, who came to Melk.

We were approaching the suburbs of Vienna, and my heart was heavy from sadness and pity. Yonder I saw the *Kahlenberg,* faithful sentinel, guarding the city ever since the Romans called it *Vindobona.* I wanted to pat its bald head, and tell it how much joy I had when, as a child, I climbed it, and saved my thirty *hellers* by not using the funicular railway. I spent that huge sum in buying a glass of fresh milk, a big slab from a huge loaf of rye bread, and a pat of sweet butter. I have tasted nectar and ambrosia, sitting at rich men's tables; but never has food tasted like that Vesper feast on the *Kahlenberg.*

Always we looked to you, little high mountain. Good news and bad news was flashed from your height, since the days when the Turks besieged the city, and Sobijewsky and his brave Poles came to its relief. Little but bad news has come since, little high mountain; but glory and beauty always, and fireworks on St. John's night, and the Emperor's Jubilee. Don't be discouraged, mountains must rise above their troubles.

Hey! Ho! Here is the Vienna forest, draped around the city like a shawl around a lady's shoul-

ders. It, too, shows the wear and tear of war, the long, cold, coalless winters; for they have come there with desecrating axes, those armies of shivering folk.

I must go out there and wander about, and see if I cannot heal its hurt pride; for that forest never grew for firewood. It grew to echo songs, to shade lovers, to hide them, to house little scattered inns, where the merry Viennese—father, mother, and all the children came, to drink the new, mild wine, and dip crisp rolls, crystal white with salt, into the red gravy of *Gulash.* That forest grew to hear the petty quarrels of the homeward bound, in the evening, and the trees grew close together, to keep the tipplers from falling. It was as safe in the night as during the day.

We were almost in the city, for I saw the railroad yard, looking like a hospital for engines, or a poorhouse for trains. Poor, bruised, unhealed, unrenewed, unrenewable, dead engines; shot through and through, the pistons sticking into the steam chest like a tired man's hands into his trouser pockets, the steam pipes exposed like the vitals of a man—hopeless, hopeless!

At last we pulled into the railroad station, the yellow, sooty, *Westbahnhof.* I took a deep breath; for I knew I must suffer more, and comfort more, in this doomed city, this gay city, this loveliest among the cities of Europe.

XIII

THE MERRY WIDOW

VIENNA had reënchanted me, and I had to tear myself away from her. In fact I had never before seen her so beautiful, so winning, so gracious, in spite of her consumptive children, underfed apprentices, half-starved students and emaciated professors. Vienna is still the loveliest of cities, in spite of the hard-pressed *mittlestand,* the *schiebers* (profiteers) and smugglers, rapacious traders, body sellers and snatchers; in spite of the ooze of iniquity in which she wallows, yes, even in spite of death and decay, Vienna is still matchless. She is like a widow after the first shock of grief is over. She has wept; but has dried her tears. She has mourned; but laughter is creeping back into her heart. She was forsaken; now she is being wooed again, and the lovers of life are at her door asking for her songs, her wit, her dances, the smile of her pretty face, the skill of her nimble fingers.

The children who deserted her and left her to die, confess that they cannot live without her. Czechs and Jugo-slavs, Slovaks and Magyars, Roumanians and Serbians, with false passports

and good money, crowd her shops, hotels and cabarets, glad to escape the drab, hard life of their new-made states; thrilling to her ancient rapture.

With heavy heart I came to Vienna as to the house of mourning; but her tears were like diamonds smiling back the sunlight a thousand times. Her complaints were only for the day. The yesterday is forgotten, and to-morrow may not come.

To the careless observer there are but few things missing in Vienna. The parks are there in their old-time beauty, including the *Prater,* the Coney Island of Vienna; or, one should say that Coney Island is the Prater of New York; for the Prater antedates Coney Island by only a few centuries.

The same crowds in which I was lost as a boy, the same merry-go-rounds which gave me my first whirl around the world, and oh, joy of joys! the same Punch and Judy shows, yea verily!

The music, however, is softer, for the military brass bands are gone; the merriment is subdued, for the beer is thin, and the wine is dear.

The cry of the Italian peddler of cheese and salami—"salami, salamundi!" is heard no more. Peanuts and moving pictures have been added to the delights of the Prater, both blessings from the United States.

Bosnian venders of canes, and pipes, and home-made daggers, are gone, and the Slovak women

selling embroidery or black radishes have also disappeared. Indeed, all the exotic-looking peoples of the monarchy have fled to their various corners, Vienna now being a German-speaking city.

The soldiers, the trim, tightly-trousered, red and blue-coated soldiers are gone. Here and there one sees a few, pathetically shabby, like degenerate children of heroic parents. The *Hofburg* seems a strange place without them. Once, alert guards stood at every gate watchful for superior officers and royalty. A dozen, a hundred times a day, came the sharp word of command, the rattle of drums, a company presenting arms.

In the olden days, noontime at the *Hofburg* was the golden hour for children and students, apprentices and loafers. From some distant barracks came the new guard, beating the hard pavement to the tune of the Radeczky march. Windows on the route were thrown open, maids and *Fräuleins,* lured by gold braid, brass buttons and fierce mustachios, waved and smiled; while work waited as long as the magic music or the roll of the drum was heard.

Behind the guard came the real guard of honour, the proletariat of Vienna, children and grown-ups, hand in hand, blocking traffic, stopping business, moving in perfect step to the *Hofburg.* There, facing the balcony where the state chambers were, the band circled and began to play. The eager crowd looked upward, to be re-

warded, perhaps, by the sheen of an ancient spear, the glow of a red coat, or the glitter of the brass helmet of an inner or outer guard, standing immovable at his post.

All that is now but a memory. The *Hofburg* is empty of royalty and pomp, and sheen of splendour. Charity is now the Empress, and instead of guards and bands, hungry crowds gather for their rations, American tin cans are stacked in royal chambers, and the Quakers sit modestly in princely halls, dealing out the bounty of the English and American people to generals and colonels, to their widows and orphans, to ladies and gentlemen of robes, and to masters of hounds and stables. The Hapsburgs are gone out of their castle forever and ever, and, strange to say, they are not missed by those who, from afar, feasted on their magnificence.

Is it the light-heartedness of Vienna? Is it ingratitude? Is it weariness? Is it because the Quaker gray is a better colour for times like these than the black and yellow of the Hapsburgs?

Street cars are moving with their usual slow dignity, though the conductors refuse to take tips, unbelievable as that sounds. 'Buses have sent the horses which drew them to the butcher-shop, and are double-decked and smell of gasoline. Business seems normal with the hours shorter and sweeter. The coffee houses have diminished in number, grown shabby, and serve vile coffee, with saccha-

rin in place of sugar. The white, crisp rolls and the twisted things full of cinnamon and raisins are in the realm of the unattainable, and black bread, in scant rations, is a bitter reality.

Upon the ruins of the coffee houses banks are growing. Marble and plate glass, Corinthian columns and shining brass adorn these temples of Mammon, and give that sense of security which, everywhere, children who play with baubles of gold, demand.

Theatres and concert-halls are more numerous and are nightly filled by a feverish throng. Art has become a narcotic, and is cheaper, infinitely cheaper than clothing. Luckily "the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb," for clothes are fashionably scant. Vienna has not lost its good taste or its marvellous skill, and shears and needle have done wonders with inferior materials.

The *Graben* and the *Kaerntner Strasse*, the main shopping streets of Vienna, were blossoming into spring styles, so beautiful and so expensive that, for the Viennese, they are like the "fruit of the tree in the midst of the garden"—a feast for the eye, tempting to Eve and Adam alike. Clothing, next to food, is the great desire, and men steal to buy it, and women do worse, and both are cast out of Paradise.

One evening I was invited to a theatre party in the *Burg*. We occupied a box so near the draped and crowned enclosure where Royalty used

to enjoy the performances, that we could look into it. Long ago I saw my first play in the fourth gallery of the old *Burg,* that dim and dingy home of the muses. At that time the Vienna stage was sacred, consecrated only to the best in drama. It was an institution which the Viennese worshipped and revered, and the court subsidized. The actors were demi-gods, and after a successful performance they were carried home on the shoulders of the crowd, and loudly acclaimed.

Such names as Sonnenthal, Lewinsky, Charlotte Walter, Hohenfels, were household words. Some of them were knighted, all of them had royal decorations showered upon them. One of them, Madame Schraft, was said to enjoy the favour of Francis Joseph till his dying day.

The crowns, the eagles, the shields, the lances, all the decorative motifs of imperialism are there.

Not so many years ago the royal box was sacrosanct. That night *schiebers* occupied it and ate sausages between the acts. The repertoire used to be in harmony with monarchic prejudice. This night the play was Molnar's comedy, "The Swan." It is a satire on royalty in which the characters are unmistakably Hapsburgs, and the problem of a match with the heir apparent, contemporary history; yet these Viennese who, a little while ago, looked upon the ceremonial which surrounds royalty, as equivalent to the sacredness of the mass, were thoroughly enjoying it.

Vienna is suffering, and will suffer; there is no doubt about that, for the calamity which has overtaken her is overwhelming. The capital of a great Empire from which about forty million people were more or less ruled, is now a city of two millions, and but four millions of people to maintain it.

All the purveyors to royalty, all the ladies in waiting, all the officials of a frightfully over-officialized kingdom—the many hangers on who were paid for hanging on; the pensioned officers or their widows and the thousands who invested their all in war bonds—all of them are left stranded in Vienna, with an income of paper *kronen,* six, seven or eight hundred of them for an American dollar, when formerly, at par, a *kronen* was worth twenty cents.

For a long time the privileged class lived by selling its accumulated luxuries, and later its comforts, until now, the walls are bare and beds are hard.

With an official Quaker visitor, I made the rounds one morning, and we came into a flat in which there was actually nothing left, not even beds; only a sofa and a wardrobe. An old woman in rags was lying ill, on the sofa, while a middle-aged daughter moved about with difficulty. The name? Ah well, the name was once a proud one. The name of a General in the Austrian army, now the name of a beneficiary of benevolent Quakers.

So it was, the entire morning, more or less the same story.

Food is scarce and dear, children are undernourished, clothes are almost unpurchasable and thousands of people stand in line daily, to buy shoes which the state sells at, or below, cost. The rich, of course, get all and everything they want; the workmen strike on every occasion and get more paper crowns. With each increase in wages prices rise, just as with us, but they manage to get food enough, and in summer clothes enough.

Students and many professors could not exist if it were not for the one meal a day, which they receive from the American Relief Association; yet they pursue knowledge with the old time vigour. In fact, every one in Vienna seems to study, judging by the young people who crowd the University, the working men who throng the *Volksheim* and the serious books one sees being read on the cars and in the parks. It sometimes seems as if it would be best to close the schools and compel the young people to go out and dig; but that is more easily said than done. Austria has not enough soil or raw material, and working men are crowding one another for jobs. However, there are movements in that direction, and organizations have been started to acquire land, to build simple homes, and to have their members live off and on the land.

The Quakers are doing much in that direction, not only by giving needed and expert advice, but by importing from Holland and England pure stocks of cattle and breeds of chickens, supervising their care, and allotting the increase to those who will make the best use of them.

Naturally there is the danger that the relief work which has saved the morale of the Viennese may turn into immorale, as they are naturally an easy-going people. For centuries the Czechs have been their tailors and cobblers, and the Slovak men and maidens their servants. They have lived luxuriously because of the toil of the Magyar and Serb farmers; so they are finding it hard to rest back upon their own endeavour, and the help which has poured in from all over the world has made their sense of dependence greater. The relief workers, realizing that, are cutting down wherever possible, and stimulating the spirit of self-help.

I did not visit all the places I intended to; so much of the hurt of Vienna has gone uncomforted, because I was so absorbed in watching the work of relief and seeing a new order developing upon the ruins of the old.

I did not visit the Vienna forest or the *Kahlenberg;* but I did go to "*Schoenbrunn,*" the favourite residence of the old Emperor situated in a superb park, open to the public.

In one corner of it is a zoological garden, the

delight of my childhood. There I first saw an elephant and the fearsome lions and tigers; also my supposed relatives, the anthropoid apes. I have lost my taste for menageries since knowing the human family better, and I did not even look at the animals as I passed. I had a more serious errand at "*Schoenbrunn.*"

I climbed the broad stairways of the palace to the top floor, and there found the children of the so-called proletariat, living in the spacious rooms, breathing the clean air blowing in through the high windows; going to school in the *salons* and ballrooms, working with saw, chisel, brush and modelling tools; with no visible discipline, gently guided by three men of vision, or visionary men, who have consecrated themselves to educating the children for the new order.

An Emperor's palace occupied by the children of the working men! Why not? One old man and his *entourage* occupied these hundreds of rooms full of the useless trappings of royalty. At last it is used as it ought to be, by the children of the workers.

It was good to see them happy and healthy, being prepared for a happy and healthy social order. The spirit of the pupils of this school is characterized by their greeting to each other, to the teachers, and to us who visited them: "Friendship." It was glorious to hear the word in that palace where for so many years wars were hatched and race was

played against race—the big word, the biggest word in the world—Friendship.

The fate of Austria is still hanging in the balance. Vienna may shrink and dwindle,—but she may not die. She has the gift of immortality, she has the treasures which are not in "earthen vessels." She has art and full joy in creating, she has a tuneful heart against which the smallest joys vibrate into mighty solos.

She harbours no revenge, she bears no malice, knows no hate. She is rid of the incubus of an army and of a royal house, from which decay has percolated through the wholesome middle-class, to the very bottom.

Above all else she has a sense of humour—even now she laughs at herself. Her inflated currency, her deflated aristocracy, her being fed through the nursing bottle of charity and allowed just so many pulls; not knowing where to-morrow's food for her two millions will come from or "wherewithal" she "shall be clothed." All this gives her a chance for banter and jesting. She is the "Merry Widow" and she glides to a seductive waltz, not knowing or caring who will pay the fiddlers.

XIV

NEW BARRIERS FOR OLD

IN Austria the Danube is still blue: there alone its waves roll to waltz time and not to war tunes; there alone its shores are still sacred to poets, composers and lovers. There is no "Watch on the Danube" to be kept, sword in hand, though one can scarcely turn around in that decimated country without striking a foreign land.

The boat on which I travelled sailed under the Hungarian flag, unchanged in colour and its defiant spirit, the crown of St. Stephen with its tilted cross, spread over its folds. If one spoke German when one stepped upon that boat, the stewards and officers were contemptuous; if one spoke Slovak or Czech, he would better have had his coffee tasted by some one whose life was not as valuable as his own.

As the city of Vienna receded, everything which the Viennese covet and cannot obtain appeared on the dining-room tables: White bread, butter, milk, bacon, coffee, and best of all, lumps of sugar. No wonder the Magyars are haughty. Not only have they food and drink in abundance, an Hungarian

krone buys ten Austrian in exchange, and the waiter accepted my inferior script with an air of condescension.

The journey down the Danube is scenically unimportant, but from the ethnic standpoint most interesting, and never before so much so as on my recent trip, when my fellow-passengers were citizens of new countries, and often reluctantly. Now more than ever they speak their respective languages defiantly, and thus develop new angles of friction. The Treaty of Versailles has made the confusion of nationalities worse than ever; for it has merely transferred the turbulent waters of the Old Monarchy into smaller vessels, not a single one of which is as yet strong enough to stand against the pressure. I met Germans who are reluctant Czechs, Magyars who have had to swear allegiance to Slovakia or Roumania, Austrians who are governed by Italians, and some whose political fate has not yet been decided, and who do not know where they belong. No one seems quite comfortable under the new order, and my fellow-passengers, though boasting of their new countries, republics and kingdoms, looked as happy as the wearer of a new pair of patent leather shoes when the sun is hot; while those who have no new country to boast of, are happy in nursing a new grudge. Altogether as I watched them around the breakfast table, these children of the old Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, they seemed to be in the

attitude of the couple who, after being divorced, discovered that though they could not live with each other, they could not live without each other. Economic necessities are driving them, not into each other's arms, but nearer to one another, and each is waiting for the other to acknowledge the mistake of such complete separation.

The new confusion began to manifest itself at the first landing place from Vienna. The steamboat officials called it Poszony, and the Germans good-naturedly said that they would get off at Pressburg; but the Slovaks named it defiantly Bratoslava, and they all got off at the same place, to live with each other as happily as the proverbial cat and dog. I did not leave the boat with them, for it would have meant the cancellation of my visé, for which the Czechs charge ten dollars American money. I went on to Budapest, the Danube fortunately being international, and we crossed the line from Czecho-Slovakia into Hungary, unmolested.

My Magyar fellow-passengers sent a few choice curses upon the government which now controls the city, hallowed by the tombs of Magyar kings, and every stone of which is eloquent of Magyar history. The Danube broadens as one leaves Bratoslava, the luxurious plain of Hungary is seen, broad skirted and picturesque peasants are at work in the fields, towns and cities peacefully rural in their aspect are left behind, and as the night

came, we passed Margareth Island and landed in Budapest, which, like all cities that have tasted of the Bolshevik terror, is nervous, and the traveller is met by excusable suspicion.

The police, the hotel porter, innumerable loyal citizens, formerly army officers, "watch your step," and the city smells of the prison, till one can almost hear the clanking of chains. The white terror is a real terror, and a gloom has settled over the people.

Budapest seemed to me to be the least peaceful spot on the globe, and no one disguises the fact that the vanquished Magyars are gathering strength for another blow. It is not merely wounded pride that makes them build monuments that cry out for vengeance; not only is there a loss of peoples and territories—millions of their own race are now the subjects of nations which are upstarts in history, and some of them have remained culturally beneath them. The feeling of France for the lost provinces, the Italian passion for the Irridenta were never as strong as is the cry of Hungary for her abducted stepchildren.

Incapable as the Magyars had shown themselves in governing the minor nationalities, stupid and venal as were their officials, they did display a certain attractive chivalry. In spite of the fact that one could get anything for money in the Hungarian courts, there was a freedom from sordidness. The Magyar was an aristocrat. Too indo-

lent to be severe, too pleasure-loving to be industrious, he was what the Americans call a "good fellow." Defeat, revolution and invasion have left their mark upon him, the good fellowship is gone, the government is sternly militaristic, and the officials are the former army officers. There are harsh repression, and unspeakable cruelty, and the Hungarian government at the present time is a militaristic government at its worst.

My visit coincided with the futile attempt of the former King Charles to regain his throne, and while the houses were not flagged for his welcome, the people were ready for him, and had the Little Entente not threatened, he would have been received in triumph. Hungary is incurably aristocratic and monarchic, and though this last of the Hapsburgs is not even an "inch a king" either physically or mentally, he is the constitutional heir to the crown of St. Stephen, and it may be kept for him until Hungary has made alliances enough to defy the Little Entente, composed of Czecho-Slovakia, and the Kingdom of Serbia, Croatia, Slovania, and Roumania.

Politics makes "strange bed-fellows," and a Magyar alliance with Poland, which is a Slavic nation, is like the proverbial mixing of oil with water; yet they are discovering racial excellencies in each other which they never have seen before. Poets have started their rhyming mills, historians are studying the historic tombstones to prove spiri-

tual relationships, and all that, because they now have a common foe.

Hungary has a peculiarly tender affection for the United States, which is partly historical, though it is due to the excellent work of the Red Cross and other relief organizations.

One wishes that the altogether abnormal nationalism of the Magyars might become modified through this relationship; but that is too much to hope at this stage of the game, for Hungary is a seething caldron of Chauvinism; it is hot with the heat of Tophet and steaming with relentless fury. The Balkan has moved westward, and Hungary is the centre of a new powder magazine.

I revisited the spot made sacred by a monument to George Washington, which in my childhood was my first glimpse of the lofty peak of American history. I linked this experience with that of a visit to the Frencz Deak monument, which celebrates the deeds of a liberal and constructive statesman, and also the minor fact that I made a speech at his memorial service at the tender age of five years. Thus early I acquired the habit.

I did not leave Budapest with regret, though I was again thrilled by this modern city which is yet so typically Hungarian, its architecture born of its national life. I felt the majesty of the Danube, its beauty enhanced by monumental bridges, its shores undesecrated by the waste of industries and

the clutter of commerce. I visited old haunts, and heard gypsy music at its best and American jazz, played in my honour, at its worst. I wandered through the picturesque markets, my eyes gladdened by the sight of gorgeous peasant costumes, my hands itching for their possession, and my nose tickled by the sharp odour of paprika, lavish and unconfined, offered for sale.

In spite of these joys and those which memory brought, it was painful to live there, even the forty-eight hours allowed me by the police; for I found no regrets except for having lost the war, no hope for the future but in reconquest, no aim but to reëstablish a discredited monarchy, and make permanent the rule of the privileged class. In Budapest reaction is in the saddle and is riding rough shod over liberal thought. I experienced a peculiar feeling of relief when my passport was viséed for my departure, and when the city was lost in the level plains, as my train crawled reluctantly toward the Czecho-Slovak border. My joy in leaving Hungary was heightened by my anticipation of returning to my native country, which, strange to say, I was visiting for the first time; as ten years ago, there was no Czecho-Slovakia, not even in President Masaryk's dreams. An autonomous Bohemia, and a Slovakia in which the Slovak language was recognized as the official tongue, was the most that even such an ardent patriot as myself expected.

I thought I would fall upon my knees at the border, in the ecstasy of seeing my young dreams more than realized. I thought that I would kiss the soil of Czecho-Slovakia, freed from the rule of the Hapsburgs, and now forever sacred; but there was no triumphal arch through which to pass, no ornamental gateway, opening wide its portals to the returning patriot worshipper; only a rough, uninviting shed, surly-looking soldiers, and customs officials who have become famous in all Europe for the relentlessness of their search. If the judgment day holds half the terrors of the Czecho-Slovak borders, then, oh sinners, haste and repent!

I should have been prepared for a certain disillusionment; for freedom is not in new flags and repainted barriers; but in men's souls. The landscape was unchanged, Slovak goose girls and geese were as ubiquitous as ever, and the straw-thatched villages as monotonously alike as of yore, but I did expect a thrill, and I feel cheated because I did not have it. I did not anticipate that the *gentleman* who examined my passport would fall about my neck, and call for a robe and a ring and the fatted calf; but he might have sensed the situation when he saw an American passport, and read that I was born in this new country, and he might at least have been civil. Perhaps the official who examined my meagre bag could tell from my few belongings that I was a returning patriot, breathless to enter my native country, and he may have

wished to show me special courtesy by compelling me to undress in a room many degrees below comfortable warmth; but when he poked his fingers into my armpits I thought he carried his joyous welcome too far. Fortunately or unfortunately my experience was no exception, for men came out of other such torture chambers, pale and trembling or flushed and wrathful; one woman grew hysterical, and one fainted and had to be revived by a physician. The few *kronen* of revenue which are being added to the treasury because of this superior vigilance cannot compensate the Republic for the ill-will engendered, and such super-zeal ought to be curbed for the sake of the good-will the new country needs.

At last I was free, or at least I thought I was, to kneel down and kiss the earth or give vent to my emotions in a less ardent way, when I was accosted by two minor officials, who demanded a tax on my bag, just because it was a bag. Having no Czechish change, I had to return to the station, get the proper *krone* and by the time that formality was over and I had relieved my feelings, my patriotism and my enthusiasm had vanished, and I entered my native country with my stock of joy at low ebb.

Bratoslava, formerly Poszony and still more formerly Pressburg, thrilled me nevertheless. It is Cinderella at last become a queen—or the older and homelier sister making a good match and re-

joicing over the widowhood and poverty of both Vienna and Budapest; it is the last becoming first, the reversal of history. All her glory had been taken from her: the glory of crowning the Hungarian Kings, of being the seat of high learning, of having a thriving commerce; and she was reduced to being a second rate garrison city, that Budapest might be the more glorious.

Now Bratoslava is a real capital of a real country, more than a thousand years of wrong are rectified, and she has received back her own—with interest.

Czecho-Slovak soldiers are wearing Czecho-Slovak uniforms, when, a few years ago, they were tightly laced into Austro-Hungarian trousers and drilled to an alien tongue. French influence is, however, visible in the cut of the clothes and in the presence of French drill masters. The Central Powers being disarmed, the militaristic performances of Europe are being taught everywhere by Frenchmen.

Business in Bratoslava is booming. The stores are well stocked and crowded by purchasers, numerous banks lure the investors and life seems running at high tide; while a bad touch of nationalistic fever keeps the pulse irregular.

There is a haughty air about Bratoslava, which reminds me of my pride in my first trousers, or the still more exciting adventure of tripping a big bully—a sort of David and Goliath stunt, which

made me very daring and brave, until another Goliath gave me a licking.

I should like to tell this to Bratoslava, but it is difficult to know what language to use; for, in spite of the fact that she is the Slovak capital, I heard more German than Slovak—even the Magyar tongue being spoken openly and defiantly.

As formerly, the Slovaks spoke their language to keep alive national hopes and defy their oppressors, so now the Hungarians speak Magyar in the spirit of revolt.

Newspapers in all three languages are published, two of them being German; while concerts and theatricals in these divers tongues make their own patriotic appeal, and Bratoslava-Poszony-Pressburg whatever one calls it, is not a dull city politically.

However, the government seems stable, if not always wise, and there is order even though the former privileged classes call the new order Bolshevism. The railroads and the post-offices function with regularity, industry and commerce are fostered and thriving, and the contrast between Czecho-Slovakia, reactionary Hungary and ruined Austria is great enough to make one patient with the lesser evils.

Slovakia is a lovely country, almost altogether agricultural, and its people so dear to me that I soon forgot the unpleasantness at the border. The stations and towns through which I passed had un-

familiar names, as one of the first acts of the new government was evidently the rebaptism of the landscape, a sacred ceremonial very dear to nationalists everywhere. My native town came off easily, for it remained the same except that it wears a new suffix which is not at all unbecoming, and it is the same drear, "stuck in the mud," drab-looking town it always has been. I could show it to a stranger in fifteen minutes. There are four more or less straight streets, meeting at the town square, two churches, sadly wanting in beauty, and in need of repair, a synagogue, the most unique building in town, one house of two stories which is called a castle, half a dozen stores, two uninviting inns, the three cemeteries, and the tour of the town would be over. I could have tarried for days, for I wanted to see the old, modest house where I was born, on whose damp walls I wrote the alphabet, those cold mornings when the moisture had turned into frost. I wanted to climb up into the garret and smell the apples and pears which were buried in the grain, to keep as long as my keen appetite would allow; I wanted to visit the room where Uncle Joe, the three-quarters of a man, an erstwhile Union soldier, showed me the picture of Abraham Lincoln and made me an American and a patriot, and eager to be a deliverer. I wanted to visit the yard where Uncle Joe drilled us, and Yanczy Pal's orchard, where we swore to deliver our Slovak people from the yoke of the oppressor.

Abraham Lincoln was responsible for some very severe whippings that I got, after a Fourth of July celebration when we nearly burned down the town.

After all, this coming back to one's childhood home is a sad experience. No one knew or cared that I organized an army of seven boys, one of them lame, to march against our enemies, and I had to report at the police station the same as everybody else, and the Chief of Police had as little consideration for my feelings as had the customs house officials.

The new order has not rejuvenated anything or anybody, now that freedom is won, and the new masters have made themselves at home. I used to see happy faces, and I saw none. Shops have been plundered twice. Magyar sympathizers, and there are not a few, have been imprisoned, and the new officials are, if possible, more arrogant than their Magyar predecessors. The agricultural labourers have unionized and were on a strike; taxes are, of course, much heavier, the value of the *krone* is low, though much higher than the Austrian. Freedom of movement is restricted by exacting passport regulations. "We have more freedom," an old-time friend said to me, "but we have less room to move in."

My people used to do their shopping in Vienna, which is three hours' distance by railroad. Now they must shop in Prague, which is at least ten hours by fast train, and infinitely more expensive.

Even severe illness is levied upon for the good of the Czech capital; for one cannot go to see a specialist in Vienna without a passport, which is refused, and the sick person is told to go to Prague, where the physicians are "just as good." Of course passports are granted, but one must have "pull" and know whose palm to "grease." No wonder that the average citizen of Slovakia does not enthuse over the new order. The fact is that the Czechs, like most of mankind, have learned nothing from history. They are repeating the blunders of the Magyars. They are accused of being repressive and Chauvinistic, and are too eager to press the Slovaks into their linguistic and cultural mould.

The Peace of Versailles named the new republic Czecho-Slovakia, and the Czechs are eager to do away with the hyphen; while some of the Slovaks want to widen it and create of their country an autonomous government. Czech officials have given Slovakia a carpet-bag administration, and while they are no more corrupt than their Magyar predecessors, they are rude where the Magyars were civil. One could get favours from a Magyar official for good words; they count for nothing now. The Czechs want money and plenty of it. This may be merely repeating the gossip of enemies, but I have tested the new masters, and I have not had a civil word in all my contact with the new officials.

Perhaps civil words are of little consequence, but I wish that the young man whom I approached at the station of Bratoslava to buy my ticket back to Vienna had not shouted at me, asking whether I could not read that his window was for tickets to parts of Czecho-Slovakia only; and he might have been civil when I asked him to direct me to the right place. I wish also that I had suffered less from the hands of the customs officers in leaving my native country. I wish they had not broken every one of the six eggs which were to sustain me on my journey. I wanted to say that I was happy in coming home to my people, and that I was eager to come again, which I regret being unable to say. I still love the Czecho-Slovak republic and wish it well. I still believe that President Masaryk is one of the greatest statesmen in Europe and the Abraham Lincoln of his people; but, to quote a Slovak patriot: "What does it profit us if the landlord is a good man if the agent and janitors are rascals?"

Czecho-Slovakia cannot rely upon military strength to keep it safe from its antagonistic neighbours, Poland and Hungary. It needs inner strength and a spiritual solidarity, and that it does not as yet possess. The Czechs need to pray for grace to soften their harsh nationalism, to modify their exuberance, and help them forget the ancient wrongs they suffered; or, if they must remember, to remind them how cruel a political yoke may be,

and it is not softened by the fact that they and the Slovaks are a kindred race. Even with the Slovaks completely loyal to the new order, the new republic has one or two million Magyars and six or seven million Germans to reconcile, and I have seen but little evidence that it is doing it.

I fear that the modern Czech nationalist is a poor reconciler, and I am not too sanguine in believing that when I again return to my native town it will be a part of that new republic which began its career with the best wishes of every American, especially of those of us who have served the cause of Slovak freedom, and have suffered for it.

XV

MADAM POLAND

CARL EMIL FRANCOIS called the countries east of Germany "Half Asia." To him the line between the two continents was not geographic but cultural, for he noticed the change from order and cleanliness to rutted roadways, poorly tilled farms, dilapidated villages, slovenly cities and wretched hotels.

The saying "When West met East the West began to scratch" is not elegant but alas, true, as every traveller knows who has ventured far east of Berlin.

Whatever one may say of the German rule in the east, the fact remains that it has pushed "Half Asia" a good many hundreds of miles back, and there have been good roads, well-tilled fields, neat villages, decent hotels and no vermin. By the Peace of Versailles the former province of Posen has gone to Poland, a decision with which one cannot quarrel; nevertheless "Half Asia" is creeping westward and makes itself painfully apparent three hours after Berlin is left behind on a train which does not exert itself to leave Germany.

The German border ends at Stench, and I should remember it even if it were not so unpleasant a

name, for it was midnight when, with bag and baggage, I had to leave a fairly comfortable corner in my car and stand waiting two hours before the customs house formalities were over. The Germans performed the task courteously but thoroughly and if it was unpleasant and fatiguing, it served one right for leaving so good a country for Poland.

Thirty minutes after I had struggled back to my comfortable seat in the car we arrived at Bench, where the Polish customs office is located. Stench and Bench rhyme, but nothing about them does; therefore it seemed wise to put many kilometers between German and Polish customs house officers. The difference between Stench and Bench is that at the latter one has to walk a full quarter of a mile to the customs house, that the officers are a little less thorough in examining one's baggage, and that they are infinitely more careful about scanning one's passport. Fortunately mine was in order, but how awful, had it not been, for I should have had to spend the night at either Bench or Stench.

Now I really was in free and reunited Poland. The thought overwhelmed me, for this freedom is the consummation of a great, historic struggle, which I had shared, in reading Poland's pathetic history, and in the solemn enjoyment of her art, whose source and inspiration was the national calvary.

Over one hundred years ago the diplomatic surgeons of Europe performed a unique operation by attempting to divide a political, cultural and spiritual unit into three unequal parts. Mechanically the operation was successful; one part of the patient was given to Russia, one to Austria and one to Germany; but the divided body refused to become a corpse.

National existence of eight hundred years can be temporarily deadened by ether, but not killed. It had been but a feeble life, tortured by all kinds of political, economic and social ills; but the operation released latent energies uniting the waning members of the body—and it is just possible that the future generations of the Poles will look upon the one hundred years which were spent in three national hospitals, under divers conditions, as the period necessary to heal old national diseases. At least Poland had the chance to develop nationally and culturally while the doctors were wallowing in the political mire of the nineteenth century.

In Russia the government, after various experiments with this fragment of a state, at last tried to crush Polish culture and the Roman Catholic faith, the two being wedded and welded. The aristocracy and the clergy were persecuted, and the peasants favoured, with the result that, in Russian Poland, the democratic spirit developed and manifests itself to-day in the dominance of the peasant party in the political life of the nation.

The Austrian portion fared better and at the same time worse. The Hapsburgs exalted aristocracy. Polish statesmen rose high in Austrian administration and in the army, the peasants were exploited, Polish art and culture throve, and over the city of Crakow hovered the shadow of Athens. To Crakow the patriotic Poles came to weep over the tombs of Polish kings, and to it they sent their sons to steep themselves in the spirit of the Polish past.

In Germany the Poles fared the best, and felt the worst. The weapons which were used to kill the Polish spirit were the German language, German culture and German efficiency. The province of Posen, as it was called, developed economically with the rest of the German Empire; but while the Germans are good schoolmasters, they are not good pedagogues. They made no allowance for national and racial peculiarities, and the Poles remained Poles, in spite of the fact that they learned the German language and German methods of trade and administration. A hundred years of political struggle are over and the victory is won, in spite of hangings, shootings, deportations, flatteries, and economic and social pressure.

I have lived, then, to see a free and reunited Poland, the first and most convincing evidence of which was the crowding of Polish soldiers into my compartment, their demanding the cozy corners and my spending the whole night contemplat-

ing the booted legs of a portion of the Polish army.

The sky was growing gray as the sun struggled through banks of clouds when I looked out upon a typical Polish landscape, flat as North Dakota, soft, wet and swampy as Arkansas, as desolate as "No Man's Land." In Belgium and France one sees at least noble ruins, and posterity will have its thrills in looking upon ruined and damaged cathedrals and castles; the latter, indeed, often gaining in beauty by being partly demolished.

There are no ruins on the Eastern Front; only devastation. There is nothing for the eye, of pleasure or of pleasurable pain; only desolation. Cities one with the mire, and villages one with the dust. Zigzagging trenches and unhealed earth offend the eye, then suddenly comes a piece of plowed ground over which an American tractor moves, with an American boy driving it. A peasant stands by watching the chugging monster on its rounds. He cannot understand this phenomenon.

Four years ago these same "gasoline horses" destroyed his harvest. The men who drove them came from "God knows where" and moved on into the unknown, leaving ruin. That he could grasp—that was "*Voyna*" War—God ordained, or devil ordained, ordained it was; but this thing, of a man's coming from over the seas to plow with

one of those "stinking horses," and bringing his seed with him, asking no wage, accepting no thanks—that is beyond him.

He is one of the thousands of peasant refugees who are now drifting back to the native soil, shell-strewn, thistle-grown soil, and to his house, the thatch consumed by fire and the bricks in a confused heap; but the hearth is still black from the fires the housewife had kindled, and around it with boughs from the forest and mud from the river he rebuilds his habitation, more like a beaver's than a human being's.

They have suffered, these peasants, without the consolation of some past wrong avenged or righted, or some good to come out of it for their children. They are largely Ruthenians, living in Poland, but not Poles; alienated, not assimilated, a pathetic minority which brought all the sacrifices and has not received even the imaginary benefits of the war.

They were the dirt under the feet of all the armies. The Russians drove them into the mountains, the Hungarians pushed them back, and the Germans trampled upon them, until they were swept into Russia and Siberia, and even beyond; lost for years in a strange, inhospitable world. Some day, when the great romances about the war are written, the most tragic material will be found on this Eastern Front, in the flight and return of these peasant folk, who had no pleading friends,

no eager defenders, like Belgium and France, until now, when it is almost too late.

As one travels west and north, there is less devastation. New thatches show that life has begun its normal rounds, groups of crosses dot the landscape, marking the graves of Germans, Hungarians, and Russians, buried where they stood and died, the armies marching over them.

There are rutted roadways over which wretched peasants in more wretched carts, drawn by most wretched horses, are going to market. Polish Jews creep past in drear black, their pathetic faces wearing a hunted look, their best of life, miserable enough, in the past, and living its worst to-day. Then the huts huddled more closely, the tracks multiplied, low and crowded tenements rose to uniform height, cheerless, block upon block, tall chimneys and church steeples appeared, and we pulled into Warsaw, the capital of Poland.

It is an interesting, sprawling, modern city, having far outgrown its picturesque centre, colourful with its touch of the middle ages. Streets radiate in all directions, straight, and solemn, and plain; tenements are crowded by a joyless population, and one hears neither laughter nor music. Both are drowned in the pitiless struggle for existence. A million or more people live in Warsaw, drawn like moths to the flame, or driven in by the war, like sheep into a pen.

It is a tolerably clean city, having reached the

Pharisaic standard, as well as or better than Chicago; but the "inside of the cup"! Ah, "There's the rub."

Warsaw shares the pride of all the new made capitals. It is full of soldiers, a goodly portion of the army seeming to be quartered in and around the city. Six hundred thousand of them in Poland, eating their daily bread by the sweat of the poor, overworked and underfed population.

The spirit of war permeates Warsaw. War machines hum in the "heavens above," and rattle over the "earth beneath," Bolshevik prisoners are paraded on the Boulevard, and all the ills which follow war, hunger, dirt and disease are rampant in the streets. Perhaps nowhere is prostitution so open and so insolent, nor so many women who seem mere children, engaged in the frightful traffic.

Yet Warsaw is lovable, with a soft, tender, feminine sort of beauty; especially as I have watched her skyline from the Vistula at sunset, or looked down upon her Cathedral Square from the windows in the exquisite apartments of my hospitable hostess. Ten years ago I looked down upon the same Square, the Russian church, with its bulbous bell-tower, the sun bright on its golden roofs and shining crosses, enhancing its barbaric splendour. I am partial to Byzantine architecture, and this church, a masterpiece, a replica of the Saviour's Church in Moscow, relieved the tameness and drab modernness of Warsaw's sky-

line. However, it was an eyesore to the people of that city, as it was built with no pious intent but to emphasize Russian dominance and to proclaim its permanence. Cossacks were riding the streets, swinging menacing whips, while stolid Russian soldiers guarded the intersections; for Poland's chronic revolt had broken out violently, and the attack was directed against this sacred edifice.

My hostess recently was the hostess then. I owe her too much for her gracious hospitality to say that her beauty has faded in the intervening years, and if gratitude did not restrain me, gallantry would.

Hers was a proud, defiant, cameo-like face with a delicately modelled, straight nose, a firm, exquisite chin, and lustrous eyes in which one could see memory and hope; for a few days before she had buried her son who was slain in her doorway. *"Pro Patria Morti."*

Now the outlines of her face seem blurred, the glow in her eyes is clouded by mist, her head so proudly poised is bowed. As I anticipated seeing her joy in the moment of Poland's long-deferred triumph, I pictured her exquisite beyond words, and, frankly, I was disappointed. All she hoped for and believed might be realized in fifty or a hundred years has come in less than ten, with far less sacrifice and much larger fullness than she imagined.

The offending church is still there, but the gold

is ripped from the roofs, the crosses have been melted into cannon, the bell-tower is being demolished to satisfy patriotic ardour, and the church itself is being saved only by the strategy of the Archbishop who consecrated it, and pronounced it the Cathedral of his diocese.

However, a Russian governmental building, all done in gorgeous tile, has been stripped of its beauty and riddled by bullets so that now it looks as if pitted by smallpox. My hostess ought to be prouder and more beautiful now than ever, for Polish regiments lined the square, cannons boomed and bands were playing the national anthem.

It was the fifth of May. Ascension Day in the church calendar, it was also the centenary celebration of Napoleon's death, and the two occasions blended in the pomp and ritual provided by the church. The initials of the Corsican and those of the Nazarene, met upon the high altar erected in the centre of the square, and I suggested, "maliciously," my hostess said, that Poland was celebrating the ascent of Jesus and the descent of Napoleon. She grew eloquent in narrating Polish history and Napoleon's part in arousing the Polish National Spirit, in recognition of which, this High Mass and also the renaming of a city square as "Napoleon Place."

Again I brought a cloud upon her face when I suggested that a hundred years after the demise of

Wilhelm II there may be a similar celebration; for without Kaiser Wilhelm the freedom of Poland might have tarried; and that perhaps by then, the "Napoleon Place" will be rebaptized in the ex-Kaiser's honour and blessed by his name.

Just then, fortunately for me, the celebrants lifted their holy symbols, Pilsudsky, surrounded by his staff, led a visiting French commission to the seats of honour, and the vast multitudes with bared heads pressed forward for a closer view of their idol. I suspect that when he had his picture taken, copies of which cover a good deal of Warsaw, the photographer said to him, "Now look fierce." His is a mild and pleasant face; though his counterfeit makes him look like a cross between Napoleon the Great and Ivan the Terrible.

Polish soldiers, who adore him, are undersized, their uniforms the discard of many armies, chiefly American; they look underfed, and while I have no doubt about their patriotism and religious ardour, I am quite sure that the thought uppermost or nethermost in their minds was of their next meal, and the hope that it would contain meat.

The gallant Polish officers pled politely with the throng, and firemen with their gleaming helmets held on to the ropes which saved the space allotted to distinguished visitors. The Polish Marine, which looked suspiciously Teutonic and minded me of the stewards of the Hamburg-American liners, reinforced the strength of the

army and the firemen. Fortunately the High Mass was curtailed, and as the dignitaries descended from the altar, the lines broke and the enthusiastic throng became one with the chiefs of the church and nation, and moved toward the square which was to be named in holy baptism after the great Napoleon, who, if he were aware of it, would wonder why this honour is paid him.

I have intimated that my hostess' beauty is not the same as it was. The truth is that she is disillusioned, and it is reflected in her face. She said with a sigh: "Yes, there was a great moment which recompensed for all the suffering of the past. Poland was free! There was a universal embrace, a marvellous ecstasy ——!" She tried to describe that golden moment; but her lips quivered and there were tears in her eyes. The remembrance of it brought back the old beauty for an instant, then it faded again, and she complained: "There is lack of order, there is graft, incompetency, class struggle, hate, ingratitude and a new hunger which is not for freedom but for dominance."

This time I tried to comfort her. I pled the few years and the inexperience, the general unrest. I reassured her, though I am not oversanguine about Poland's to-morrow.

My hostess and I had been to visit a milk distributing station. A mob filled the courtyard. Old men, young men, women and children, a piti-

able, struggling mass pushing toward a window where the coveted tickets are distributed. Behind the window stood frantic women who feared the place would be stormed. I suggested the forming of a line. A line had been formed, they said, two in fact, one for the women with babies and one for those without. However, as the lines met at the window, each coming from an opposite direction and pushing against the other, the result was bloody noses, torn and tattered garments and a mob, not a queue. I do not pose as a tamer of mobs, but a few calm words, the pulling asunder of female combatants, one line formed and the distribution was made quickly and peacefully. Simple indeed. Strange that no one thought of it before. The same confusion reigns in railroad stations, post-offices, everywhere. Verily, I cannot keep all Poland in line.

"There are graft and dishonesty," my hostess whispered between sips of chocolate; and there are, as all relief agencies can testify. Every one seems corrupted and nothing is safe. This, of course, is not peculiar to Poland. One has to be on one's guard everywhere, for the war has knocked rectitude into a "cocked hat" all over Europe; but the fact that Austria could not send any more through trains to Warsaw because fourteen passenger coaches had been stolen, does seem a little unusual.

My hostess tried to be apologetic about Poland's

foreign policy. "After all," she said, "White Russia is a sort of 'no man's land.' Vilna ought to belong to Poland, and as for Ukrania—ah, well! We just tried to save it from the Bolsheviki."

This is a poor time to apologize, for there are inflammatory posters everywhere, bidding the populace come to the rescue of Upper Silesia, and civilians are drilling by the banks of the Vistula. Relief agencies cannot get cars to carry seed to starving Eastern Poland, because soldiers and ammunitions are being sent to help enlarge Poland's borders westward. Warsaw is thronged with soldiers, and is reminiscent of Berlin in its most militaristic days; military autos rush through the streets, bombing planes whirr aloft. Countless pitiable beggars and half-starved children confront one, and there are a hundred thousand children of school age without instruction, in Warsaw alone.

Quoting the title of Sienkiewicz's well-known story, "Quo Vadis," I asked my hostess: "Whither are you going?" And she replied: "Ask France."

She continued: "We have an army but no great military genius; we are embroiled in European politics and have not one statesman."

Pilsudsky she dismissed with a shrug of her shoulders, and when I mentioned the present Premier, Witos, she smiled derisively.

"Ah, that is what hurts. This is a peasant's government. No wonder there is no efficiency. The country is in debt and the currency debased. The palaces of the aristocracy are commandeered and they are all out on their estates, while the peasants run the government."

I reminded her of the fact that the so-called aristocracy and governing class has made a sorry mess of the past, and that anyway it does not take much brains to run a country.

She insists that Witos is a fraud, that he rides in a private car, but just before he reaches his own village he steps into a third-class coach. "In Warsaw he lives like a prince and at home like a peasant."

I am afraid that my hostess is in the realm of myths. The fact is that Witos is a shrewd but honest peasant, and the aristocracy have neither characteristic in abundance.

"What has become of Paderewsky?" I inquired.

"Have you asked any one else that question?" she asked in return.

"Yes, and the answer is that he was a great piano player. The fact is that I have never heard his name mentioned although I was three weeks in Poland. I have not seen his picture anywhere, even in music stores, though I peered into every show window."

"Republics are ungrateful," my hostess said.

"Certainly Paderewsky deserved better of Poland."

She invited a company of her intimate friends to five o'clock tea, and before their arrival she took me through her picture gallery. There were mostly historic pictures, a few by Matejko, the greatest of Poland's patriot painters. I criticized not the colours or the drawing, but the Grand Opera style of depicting the past, the ornate, idealized way of presenting the struggles of yesterday. I wonder if my hostess' depression is not due to the fact that, seeing modern history, she finds it commonplace and colourless. The modern heroes are not so colossal, the events not so picturesque, the devotion not so pure. She told me, and she is right, that Poland's hope was kept alive by this idealization of the past. I apologized for having criticized, but her face clouded again; for he who casts doubt upon the complete glory of Poland's past is worse than he who suspects that King Solomon was not as wise as his reputation warrants us in believing.

The company assembled. A judge of the High Court, professors of the University, church dignitaries, artists and officers. There were many osculatory greetings, after which tea was served and I was asked to speak.

I had left the United States, glad that for a while I could rest from prophesying, and here I was being urged to speak where a plain word

might be more dangerous than in the United States. I am a friend of Poland, and known as such by my past record, so I felt a rare freedom of utterance. I had also the saving background of the Quaker Mission, which has the reputation of being impartial and non-political; so I began by interpreting its work and its message. I told of what I had seen on the Eastern Front, a devastation even more cruel than that in the West. Peasants driven from their homes and wandering as far as India and back again, scarcely able to identify the place where their village stood. I showed samples of bread made of acorns and oak leaves, bitter and scarce, and acting upon the vitals like tannic acid. I had pictures of American tractors guided by English and American Quaker boys who plow furrows between unhealed trenches, pyramids of barbed wire and war wastage. I told of half a dozen normal schools and colleges in which the future leaders of Poland live, in squalor and misery. I spoke of brave women delousing the population in the midst of a typhus epidemic, and I asked timidly whether this is the time to continue wars and the preparation for future wars.

As I have the saving grace of humour I provoked smiles and tears, and they soothed the wounds made by a faithful friend. There was genuine applause, followed by promises of coöperation, and here be it said, the promises were kept.

Little knots of men and women gathered around me and there was further discussion.

I remember the professor of Pedagogy of the University of Warsaw. I shall remember his face always. A tender, sweet, manly face; but there were tears in his eyes.

"We have a hundred years of struggle behind us," he said. "Our strength has been consumed in achieving freedom, our youth has lived for that ideal. We need friends who will aid us in taking the next step."

I asked him one question, "Is militaristic France the friend you need now?" He did not answer the question.

"You must not be discouraged about your country," I said to my hostess when I bade her goodbye, and it seemed strange that I had to speak the words of courage. "You are at least a nation. In Posen, Galicia and here in former Russian Poland the cultural and economic cleavage is gone. Of course I know that Posen is conservative and is suspicious of Warsaw, which it thinks radical. Galicia is aristocratic and fears both; but the people are Poles everywhere and think Polish. You have little or nothing to fear from Bolshevism; your labouring element is patriotic and so are the farmers and business men. Nowhere in all my travels have I found a more united national feeling than in this new, old Poland, and that is a great deal.

"To guide and restrain this national feeling, to begin to make its strength productive, to turn its attention to the reclamation of land and the education of its youth, that is the immediate task, and you, my dear lady, you must go to work and do your part. As you have worked and suffered to make Poland free, you must work and if need be suffer to make it turn from the past to the future, from conquest to labour."

She pressed my hand; I kissed hers gallantly. She had grown strangely beautiful again, as she turned her face from the tragic past and the uncertain present to the hopeful future.

XVI

THE MIND OF EUROPE

IT is a dull, gray Europe which I shall remember, with just a touch of colour here and there, like "ashes of roses" after a sunset. The rest is a blanket of storm clouds not quite emptied of menace; rumbling thunder from the west, flaming flares of red from the east, now spreading far, threatening all the sky, then showing but torn patches of a passing storm. There is no memory of bright days, hardly even moments, to bring back as "souvenirs of the occasion," with which to enrich my standardized existence in America, moving in a well-ordered way, between nationally advertised breakfast foods and the village curfew.

Perhaps my spectacles were misty, and I saw but gray, where I might have seen blue skies. Perhaps following a breadline is a poor way of seeing Europe; but the breadline is the "beaten path" these days, and one visits the soup kitchens rather than the museums, sees proletarian anguish instead of Murillo's Holy Family, and one cannot admire monuments, when so many pedestals are for rent.

The unusual in Europe soon became the usual

to me, and when thousands of underfed, tubercular children had tramped through my heart, it became incapable of more than wholesale pity. There is no outstanding experience; no visit to some quiet spot where the war has not torn, hurt, maimed or killed something or some one. The war has standardized Europe, the great steamroller has pressed it flat, the mills of the gods have ground both fast and fine, and have produced the same grist everywhere.

In the little Slovak villages I heard conversations which had the same trend as in Challons-sur-Marne. I found the political muddle-headedness of Paris in Belgrade, and when I fled to Switzerland for the gladness of the mountains and the joy of being among the unhurt, it was aching in the same joints as the rest of the continent.

Switzerland was not invaded by soldiers, but by armies of spies and refugees, who came with paper wealth, which at first enriched merchants and hotel-keepers, and then impoverished them. Cantonal ties were badly strained by racial and cultural sympathies; Bolshevism emboldened the poor and frightened the rich. Switzerland became the center of financial operations in the various depreciated currencies of the continent; she had the usual crop of war profiteers as well as the hard-pressed middle class, and the awakened proletariat.

The high cost of living was the topic of conversation everywhere; among the educated as well as among the ignorant; for the stomach knows no culture-line, and if the profiteers escape the hottest terrors of hell, it will not be because I have not heard them consigned to it, in many languages and picturesque similies.

Everywhere I found the financial circus in full swing. Currency taking leaps from almost nothing to a little more than something, the American dollar being the aerial gymnast, the German mark performing on the parallel bar; while the Austrian *kronen* and the Polish *marks* were the clowns, rolling in the sawdust, once in a while making a handspring in a feeble hope of strength, but invariably landing on their backs, to the amusement and profit of those who sat in the reserved seats, but the despair of the many on the top rows.

To the anxiety of "what shall we eat?" has been added a new one: "where shall we live?" There is a housing shortage everywhere, with the possible exception of Petrograd, from which a good part of the population has moved, thus leaving houses for much needed fuel through the many hard winters.

The most anathematized man in Europe is the landlord, who has had his traditional rapacity curbed; for while living costs have risen one hundred and one thousand per cent., he may raise his

rent but twenty per cent. He has had his revenge, an unprofitable one on the whole. He has made no repairs and no improvements, with the result that the cities look shabby from neglect, walls are murky from dust and soot, and a "perfectly good" American advertisement is obsolete. There is no more "Spotless Town."

There are, however, no homeless people; for the law, almost uniform through Central Europe, allows only a certain number of rooms per person, varying somewhat according to the tenant's rank and station. Everybody takes roomers, and it is an unassorted world which is thrown together into hovels and palaces, making the best of a bad situation.

The extraordinary joys I shared, were the drop in the cost of living, the temporary recovery of the value of money, the discovery that a young couple might begin housekeeping, by virtue of the fact that somebody had departed this life, or been squeezed into closer quarters by a relentless law.

The feast for the eye was—not a new triumph of architecture or an exquisite painting, but a side of bacon in a butcher's shop, or a window full of shoes, both of American origin.

The best of men everywhere are not thinking how to conform their lives to high ideals, that they may escape the punishment hereafter—but how to escape the tax and the customs collectors. Dante would have a new vision of purgatory were

he travelling through Central Europe to-day, and had to pass the newly-made boundaries.

The poor who were always poor are serene. They are used to the empty larder, to scarce and bitter bread, with meat only on rare occasions. And there was always the "*Bon Dieu*" and "*Der Gute Gott*" who has never forsaken them. The miracle of the loaves and fishes has been performed again, and there were also the basketfuls with enough fragments to feed the starving Russians.

That "Charity covers a multitude of sins" was never more true than now, when there are so many sins to cover: individual sins, national sins, and the sins of the whole human race.

The war stimulated in men certain virtues—devotion, courage, self-sacrifice, coöperation on a vast scale, and the affiliation of peoples, far apart in the race and social scale. But the brute self, which had to be fed by hate, grew hungrier the more it devoured; the holy flame burnt lower and lower, patriotism became a cloak for profiteering, the broken barriers rose again, and Brotherhood was an empty dream.

As an earthquake alters the face of the earth, so the war has created its own mental, social, and spiritual geography. It has torn new chasms between nations, between neighbours and fellow-citizens. The teachings of science which proved the relationships of everything living, the new in-

sight which saw no barriers between matter and spirit, Christianity with its faith in the Fatherhood of God and its practice of the Brotherhood of Man, are now opposed by new obstacles between race and race, class and class, shades of religion, and social and economic doctrines.

The greed for power masks itself behind race struggle. Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism, the sowers of the seed of the last war, are being displaced by new slogans pregnant with new wars.

Anti-Semitism grows more virulent, the relationships between Roman Catholics and Protestants are not improved, the Socialist class war is being fought openly, and the ancient gulf between the rich and poor has become wider.

The newly-made rich are callous to the suffering of the poor, neither their right hand nor their left hand knowing what foreign hands are doing in saving the masses from semi-starvation, and the new generation from growing up with the effects of rickets and tuberculosis unassuaged. I saw the poor in Abraham's bosom, and the rich with unslacked thirst, crying for the cooling drink. Erratic plays, grotesque cabarets, *liqueurs* with strange "kicks," dances with new contortions, a mad race for more wealth, a struggle against new taxes, and dark schemings to evade the laws,—are their pleasant tortures. I left my rich friends with loathing and some of my kindred were to me as strangers. The poor I found

blessed, and I also was blessed by their suffering, borne without complaint.

The beggars in rags and vermin, displaying their agonies, seemed to me beautiful, in comparison with the rich, in their vulgar display of wealth, all too common in Vienna, Berlin, Warsaw and Budapest—the cities of great sorrow and great need.

Concert halls, theaters, and opera-houses are crowded as never before, with the choicest seats at a premium; but true art is at a low level. Artists have moved again to the garrets, have tightened their belts, and walk the streets like shadows. The holy hush which used to prevail when Wagner was sung or played, is no more, and in one of the best boxes in the Berlin Opera, war profiteers were drinking champagne and eating sausages, while Lohengrin sang his swan-song.

Since the war no great work of art has been produced. Not for want of material; but the wreckage has been so great, the shores are so thickly strewn with humanity's water-soaked treasures, that the artists are stunned, and stand stupidly on the sands, watching the remorseless beating of the waves.

In statecraft the leaders are equally helpless and stupid. With rare exceptions, the people are drifting, caught by the undertow of alliances, of balances of power, economic selfishness and the collective greed of nations. I met burgomasters,

ministers, presidents, and those real rulers of mankind, the editors of the great newspapers; after talking with them I was impressed anew by the fact that when Solomon prayed for wisdom, he knew what rulers of people lack the most.

I went to Europe a fairly modest man; but after meeting some of the leaders of mankind, I have gained so much in self-esteem that I believe, in a pinch, I might govern a country or two, without more damage to them than they are suffering now. That is no reflection upon the men who are the present rulers; they may even be an improvement upon those from the hereditary ruling class, which they have displaced with such dramatic suddenness.

Herr Friedrich Ebert, "Saddlemaster by the Grace of God," was born in a narrow street in Heidelberg, brought up in the gray atmosphere of hard labour and poverty, his father, a man with a crooked back, made so by bending over the work-bench. His mother, prematurely toothless and aged, a shawl over her head, was one of those ghosts of women who haunt the tenements. When she rocked the cradle, and sang her hush-a-bye, she did not know that God would "confound the wise and prudent," she did not dream that her son would displace the mighty Hohenzollerns, the last and the proudest of them, Wilhelm the Second, King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany.

Friedrich Ebert is of medium height, given to Germanic rotundity, caring nothing for pose, knowing no studied gestures; very genial, very gracious, a fairly shrewd politician, and a man of the people, remaining with the people in spite of place and power beyond his wildest dreams. He saw all the great ones, and the trained ones, and those born to rule, pass into oblivion. Those pompous gentlemen, those super-heroes, shrank before his eyes, into small, trembling, frightened creatures. Their dusty files—the springs from which they drew their political wisdom—grew dustier, and failed to yield even a drop of saving wisdom in a great, national calamity.

It was Ebert who touched the button which produced on the historic film the collapse of the monarchy, and the flight of the Kaiser into exile and oblivion.

In Vienna I was received by Herr Professor Hainisch, in the same office in which the ultimatum to Serbia was signed, the first act in the terrible drama of the World War.

Herr Professor Hainisch is the successor of the proud Hapsburgs, "Apostolic Majesties, Emperors of Austria, Kings of Hungary and Bohemia," grand dukes of a dozen duchies, once the rulers of half the earth, theirs by conquest, by inheritance, by dower, by intermarriage, and by diplomatic rascalities.

However, the worm of death lay curled in the

majestic curve of the Hapsburgs' crown. The jewelled cross surmounting it, the glittering gift of one Pope and blessed by a succession of Popes, drew darts of lightning, and did not save the heads which wore that crown from the curses which fell upon them.

Next to God I was taught to revere the old Emperor Francis Joseph, and in my childhood, I stood for hours and hours in the burning heat and choking dust, to catch a glimpse of him. Once, his son, Crown Prince Rudolph, visited our town, and I was chosen to present him with a bouquet of flowers. He listened tolerantly to my stammering speech, and I was in the seventh heaven; though I wore patent leather shoes, a size too small, a stiff collar, which sawed at my jugular vein, and a suit of clothes made much too large, in anticipation of my next year's growth. What matter? I saw royalty, and royalty smiled at me in a royal way.

Now I have met and spoken to, and shaken the hand of the man who rules in the Hapsburg's place. He wore a plain pair of gray trousers and a black Prince Albert coat, and I could offer him an American "smoke" without offending his dignity.

I saw the peasant Witos, on the streets of Warsaw, all eyes fixed on him, the Premier of Poland. From raising pigs to ruling a country! A new old country, a delicately poised country, in

the keeping of a peasant! He has held plow-handles but never government-handles. He is middle-aged, sleepy-looking, shrewd-eyed, when the lids are lifted, and has a good head when he puts it to work.

Polish kings and Polish aristocracy, velvet-coated, gold-trimmed, spur-booted aristocracy, replaced by a peasant, who tucks his trousers into his boots and who, when he opens parliament, or dissolves it, has a hard time not to say: "Git up!" and "Whoa!"

Who says one has to be born and trained to govern people? After all, people are like sheep, and a farmer knows how to handle them.

I looked up with reverence and awe to the President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, long before he was president, and when no one, least of all he, modest man, once a blacksmith's apprentice, dreamed of his being one. Tall, thin, ascetic-looking, he is the typical college professor, which position he attained by dint of hard work and his poor parents' sacrificial toil. He was born in the village of Hodonin, a few miles from my birthplace, and knowing his background and his early history, I could scarcely imagine him in the Hradschin, the palace of the Bohemian kings, peopled by the shadows of history and the martyrs of history.

None of them have an easy task, these men risen from the ranks, and they need to pray for

wisdom for themselves and for their people; that mass of unredeemed selfishness, called a nation.

All beaten, bruised, crippled Europe, is suffering from a perverted nationalism, a diseased patriotism. New hates have been added to old hates, and nations are plotting for power, not planning for peace.

Exhausted and impoverished, having nothing to lose, the nations are the more ready to fight again. The war as a lesson to humanity teaches that the race is hopelessly stupid, and that it does not learn anything from history.

France, all but drained of her strength, is building an European wall of Jericho, a Balkan Tower of Babel. Drill Master of half a dozen armies, political mentor of nations, she is making chaos of confusion. She is trusting to feeble reeds, and forming burning plots. "Her Kingdom is not from thence," and there are Frenchmen who know the signs of the times—but "what are a few among so many?"

And England, in whose womb Jacob and Esau have struggled so long, in whose home they have bartered for birthright; England, prophet and profiteer, despoiler and healer of nations; England which knows—or ought to know—the things which belong to her peace—still trusts in "iron shard," in battleships, and not "Good Will."

If France and England, at the moment of their triumph, had listened to Abraham Lincoln, as

they professed to hear him in the midst of the struggle, "the wounds of Europe might have been healed by the charities of God, almost to the transfiguration of humanity." The people, the hard-pressed people, the crushed, crucified people, the war-mad, war-weary people, and those still mad with revenge, might have crucified the men who had dared make a Christian peace; but humanity might have begun to reckon time by a new epoch, and the year One, of our Lord's ruling, might have been inaugurated.

The borders drawn at Versailles are but temporary, and are fields for new battles. Militarism has been destroyed in one place, and like the plague, has been scattered broadcast.

Prague, Bratoslava, Warsaw, Belgrade, are infant Potsdams waiting to grow up, and nowhere is Good Will taking the place of suspicion, envy or hate. The beaten and disarmed countries have been disinfected from the plague; give them thirty years, thirty normal years, to cleanse themselves from pollution, to wash themselves of their guilt, and they will be the only victors of the great war.

To-day there are more men unemployed in England than in Germany and Austria. Bulgaria recruits her sons and daughters for constructive service to the state, and solidifies her possessions; while the kingdom of the Serbs, Croates and Slovenes drills soldiers, passes restrictive laws,

and is like a barrel gone dry, the hoops unable to hold the staves together.

The spectre of Bolshevism has given the reactionaries everywhere a chance to fear and arrest social progress; while the liberals, the liberated men, the onward moving men, have been hindered and damned by being opprobriously labelled. The reactionaries label them Bolsheviks, and the Bolsheviks call them reactionaries; so between the reactionary Nationalist and the Bolshevist, the Liberal has no choice. Both are materialistic to the core; though one may swear by the Bible and the other by Karl Marx.

The ashen-gray men and women, the armies of ricket-cursed and consumptive children, the wreckage of economic life, and the pauperization of vast multitudes, are the same in nationalistic Warsaw, Berlin and Vienna, or even Glasgow, Birmingham and London—as they are in Bolshevik Petrograd, Kiev and Moscow.

Warsaw is full of beggars; insistent, dirty, vermin eaten; Moscow is full of beggars; ashamed, fairly clean, their clothes ineffectively mended.

The ruin caused by reactionary, capitalistic nationalism is old—it is the ruin of the masses, the ruin caused by machines, coal dust, gas fumes, narrow tenements, seasonal occupations, periods of unemployment, periodic wars.

Bolshevism wrecked the corpse of an Empire.

Its wreckage is new. The flotsam and jetsam of Petrograd and Moscow are more pathetic because more recent. Pauper princes, professors and technicians; pauperized millionaires, heirs and heiresses, are new and terrible; yet no more terrible than the destruction caused by the older system. Neither the old nor the new system cares a fig for the Kingdom of God, an applied Christianity, a practical brotherhood or a genuine internationalism. Both want power; not Peace and Good Will.

All through Europe I found a feeling, freely expressed, that at a critical moment in the world's history, organized religion failed to fulfill its claims as a bringer of peace. The hopes mankind placed in it were not realized, for the churches failed to function, except as an amen! to the reactionary, Pagan state.

The Church gave its all to Cæsar; even that which was God's, the folds of the flags obscured the cross, and the great sacrifice of Calvary seemed in vain.

"Had the churches functioned," men say;—preachers and bishops say it now—"had the nations been permeated by Christian idealism, had they dominated by the power of holiness, the great war calamity might have been averted." Sermons now are full of assertions that militaristic force is futile in settling quarrels between nations, that besides being unchristian it is impractical; and

not only ministers say it, but also professors, essayists, political economists, sociologists. They are saying it between wars, however, when it is safe to say it.

During the war, the majority of ministers invoked the war God to grant victory. They harnessed the lowly Nazarene to the cannon and put Him into the trenches to help in the killing and the maiming. They veiled the New Testament and unveiled the Old; they ignored the Sermon on the Mount, and chanted the imprecatory Psalms.

If the Church or its ministry were faithful to the Spirit and teachings of Jesus during *one* war; if the state knew it could not use the Church as a recruiting station, and as a laboratory for the culture of fighting morale, it might be less willing to rush into war. Of course the Church would suffer martyrdom; but is it not time that it should be willing to assume the Apostolic function of suffering for truth's sake?

While organized religion the world over failed in this great crisis, and the multitudes were turning from the churches, Europe is spiritually hungry, and when a man cries with some show of authority, "Lo here, and Lo there!" masses of men rush to hear the voice of the eternal, and all sorts of religious vagaries prosper, while the Church languishes and decays.

There is an outspoken demand that Christianity

manifest itself in its full power, by accepting the consequences of its teachings; or cease its pretense of being the Bride of Christ, when it is only the concubine of Cæsar.

Every traveller from abroad is met by the question: "What does Europe think of America?" I should not care to answer the question if it hinged upon whether we have maintained our place in the affection of our Allies. The war was the honeymoon of the Allies, and with the armistice, the estrangement which leads to divorce proceedings began. Europe loves us as much as a patient loves the doctor who has saved his life—until he presents his bill.

Nowhere was I received with open arms because I am an American, nor were the keys of any city presented to me, and I venture to say that I was overcharged when the tradesmen saw the cut of my shoes; "for by their" shoes "ye shall know them." Of enmity I felt none, and of grateful affection much, and that we owe, not to what we did with the sword. In fact, our share is apt to be minimized by the victors. What affection Europe feels for us, we owe entirely to what we did through the healing hands of our nurses and social workers, to the splendid and dramatic work of Mr. Hoover, and in no small degree to the unassuming, self-effacing work of the Quakers.

If I saw Europe in the gray mist, and the king-

doms confused and confounded, I also saw the dawn of the new day, and felt the monitions of the coming of the Kingdom of God. I am not a pessimist who believes that all is vanity, and that effort is vain, and that the world is going to its chosen doom. Nor am I an optimist, who thinks that to "keep smiling" will rejuvenate an old and wrinkled continent. I am an idealist, who believes that a better world is possible, that a better world will come.

Everywhere I have found men and women who want this better world. They are stretching out their hands to each other now, across the healing trenches. In their handclasp, when it becomes firm and true, and in their faith, when it becomes a faith for which they are ready to suffer and to die, lies the hope that the Christ did not die in vain, and that His tarrying kingdom is coming.

XVII

VICE VERSA

THE United States was never far enough, nor long enough removed, for me to see it glorified by distance or clarified by time. Even in Europe I was part of it, its people my people, its God my God. I watched Americans at work, and was too often within the hearing of the click of American typewriters, tabulators, cash registers, smooth working office systems, the not quite so smooth American voice, the chug and rattle of hustling Fords, and the intolerable jazz.

I ate almond-bars (the kind news-butchers drop into your lap), chocolate candies ("name on every piece"), cookies and pies ("like mother used to make"), white bread ("baked in sanitary ovens and wrapped in sanitary oiled paper") and many an American dinner, from soup to pie *à la mode* (all but the celery).

I found America spread all over Central Europe—in peanut-butter, cotton-seed oil, condensed milk, Star Spangled Banners, oratory, Y. M. C. A.'s and Y. W. C. A.'s Red Cross, Quakers, Rotarians, war zone tourists, bargain hunt-

ers, and a few badly battered fourteen points which have survived the disastrous Peace of Versailles.

America is the ark of safety, New York being Mount Ararat, and Noah's sons having their office in Wall Street; America is the Land of Goshen, and Hoover is Joseph in Egypt; the capitol at Washington is built on Mount Sinai, Harding is the new Moses, and "Meester Vilson" is Lucifer fallen from Heaven.

America is standing on the financial pinnacle, and all the kingdoms and republics are spreading out before it. Supreme Councils, League of Nations, Chambers of Commerce, sick currencies; decomposed aristocracies, demoniacs, Magdalenes, and tubercular children carried by weeping mothers, are all crowding to be helped and healed. America could do "signs and wonders" if America only would.

Yet I was not flattered by Europe's cry for America's financial miracles, or by so many of her people's desiring to reach the "land flowing with milk and honey." I wanted Europe to believe that we have the spiritual forces they need, moral ideals which are superior to theirs, loftier national aspirations; and that America not only invented the great war slogan "to make the world safe for democracy," but that democracy is at least safe in America. Though I believed that, I could not prove it, for Europe was critical toward

America, and disillusioned about its newly acquired liberties.

The immigrant whom I met some years ago, who told me that he would like to return to America to give his children a chance to become American citizens, so that some day they might be able to say with him: "To ——— wit' de President!" has discovered now that his children have that coveted chance in their own country, and that "cuss" words, as well as fine words, "butter no parsnips"; though they may add spice to the sauce.

I suffered great humiliation, when, in criticizing the mediocrity of Europe's political leadership, I was asked to mention any of ours which is superior; or, when pointing to the shameless grafting in the new republics, I was reminded that I am living in a "glass house" and better not "throw stones."

In Hungary I condemned the ruthless repression by the White Army, only to discover that the Hungarians knew of our raids upon immigrant quarters, and the needless suffering of innocent people at the hands of our Department of *Justice*.

I found pilgrims returning to their fatherland, bemoaning the fact that they were discriminated against in the United States because they were immigrants. They had suffered from our mobs as well as from the police. Theirs was an ugly

story, not much better than that of a Russian pogrom.

Yet I know that here our hates have not eaten in as deeply as they have in Europe, though the colour line has reached the heart line, and deeper it cannot go. It is true that the law has not always been the same to the home-born and to the strangers, that the word foreigner now has an ominous sound; but on the whole, the situation is much worse in many of the European countries.

While the United States is no longer an asylum, it is not a jail, and the chance to become one of the "household of faith," is much better here than anywhere else.

Bernard Shaw, who preferred not to visit us, fearing the Ku Klux Klan, is mistaken when he believes that this fanatic organization is the measure of America's tolerance and sympathy. Mr. Ford's anti-Jewish propaganda does not propagate very fast.

Anti-Semitism in the United States is still something like German measles—catching but not dangerous, and may always remain one of our minor diseases, provided the Jewish people do not forget "the hole out of which they were dug, and the pit out of which they were hewn." Anti-Semitism is fed by arrogance, a common failing among all peoples suddenly relieved of their handicaps.

A Jew, to become a good American, must do

much more than change his over-euphonious name into one of Anglo-Saxon origin. The American people are apt to recognize a gentleman or lady, no matter of what race, even as they are over-sensitive to rudeness and boisterousness. If they do not see the beam in their own eyes, and do see the mote in that of the alien, it only proves that they are very human.

Many of the national diseases in Europe are chronic, ours are acute; dangerous but curable. I still believe that our nation as a political unit is safer than any European power, certainly as safe, and that, in spite of our ethnic confusion.

There are growing chasms between capital and labour, a yawning gulf between black and white, rifts between Catholics and Protestants and between Jews and Gentiles; but I believe that some of them can be bridged, and others can be healed.

I do not believe that this can be done by insistence upon rights, but by conviction of wrongs. Minorities must learn that they cannot compel majorities, and majorities will have to learn that their safety is jeopardized unless they deal justly with minorities.

In Europe I realized anew the problem of the immigrant in the United States. After all, there is a sense of solidarity, of national security in a nation which is not only politically a unit, but ethnically and linguistically as well; although but

few of the European nations have attained such enviable unity. However, I sensed a little more than ever before the feeling of revulsion against the masses of the unlike, who came here in such vast numbers, the sorted and the unsorted, the well-bred and the ill-bred, that heedless, hungry throng at the bottom rung of the economic ladder, with their blank faces, their faces full of terror, and anger. Their strange speech and strange ways gave the natives just fear for the delicate things of the spirit, which are none too safe in our heedless democracy.

The Americans feel that the immigrants have pushed them hard in industry and business; but they have pushed many of them up, even the laggards. They have crowded America's jails and asylums, even the gallows; but also they have filled her factories with honest labour, her fields with conscientious toil, and her banks with accumulating wealth, much of it hard earned and honest. They have offended by poor taste and bad manners, some of which they imported, though some were cheap imitations of the cheap things they found here. Yet they also have set standards for art, and have struggled to retain native gifts against heavy odds and great handicaps. Some of them did resent the usurpation of power by the few, when that power was not wielded for the public good. They did see red when the crimson tide swept across the earth—

but they were not yellow when the bugles called to battle, and they were called upon to lay down hard-earned treasure and life, upon the altar of our country.

Here and there in old Europe I found the spirit of revival, or the renewal of spirit, while here and there in America, I see the wrinkles of old age, though we are a young people; but youth is no virtue unless we remain young while we are growing old, and being old is no sin, unless we grow old when we are young.

In Europe I felt our youthfulness in the energy of those restless Americans with whom I associated, in their hopefulness as well as their thoughtlessness; in their undimmed faith in themselves and their country; in their adaptability, their fine courage in the face of odds. Beside the Europeans with whom they work, they are like cubs beside sedate old bears, or like frisking puppies with well-mannered, old dogs. They have the same difficulty in living and working together as older people have with the young, although they are of the same age.

I recall a young woman from Chicago, who landed in Warsaw, and after living there for twenty-four hours, said that she could put Poland on the medical map. She had the sublime assurance that if she could give a demonstration in first aid, and deliver lectures on sanitation in her midwestern English, Poland's century-old sores would

be healed, and it would be cleansed from its traditional dirt.

Europe is old, and we Americans disturbed it not a little by our noisy playfulness. We disturbed Granny's nap, and she growled at us and said many a time, "You are old enough to know better." She did not realize that we are the children of a young nation, whose spring fever is baseball, and whose autumn ague is football, which are the diseases of childhood; that they are infectious, and that our National motto is: "United We Yell." We are still in the "gang" age, a nation of joiners. In the old world they have a carnival once a year; but in the United States we have with us always, the Shriners, Rotarians, Kiwanis, Lions, etc. Even dignified Chambers of Commerce, when in session, sing, shout city slogans, and rah! rah! rah!

The youngest among the Americans I met in Europe were those from the young West; the oldest came from the East; the most virile and adaptable were the children of the pioneers, who are not too far removed from the prairie schooner or the steerage. Those who could handle axes, plows and tractors, and find joy in cranking Fords, were the young; those who carried their golf clubs with them, and were unhappy when out of sight of Pullmans, esculators and elevators, were the ones who showed our advancing old age.

America seems clean, at least not quite so

"mussed up" as Europe, where all restraint has been thrown to the winds. We are adolescent and Europe is the seasoned rounder; though we are plunging, and in the last twenty years have lived fast and furiously. We are eating of the forbidden fruit as fast as Eve can pluck it, and it is no longer from any particular tree but from every variety, growing thick, where once was Paradise. Neither do we hide ourselves in the garden when we hear the footfall of God walking there, and Eve's wardrobe does not suggest that she is ashamed.

In Europe I found the young revolting against the cultural and political standards, set up by the middle-aged, and seeking their liberty in clean speech and sensible attire, wholesome relations between the sexes, and companionship with nature. There is no such movement in the United States, coming from among themselves. We have Christian Endeavour Societies and Epworth Leagues; but they are efforts to impose the piety and rules of conduct of the middle-aged upon the young, and are, on the whole, ineffective.

There is no young America in politics, or in religious and social life. "Follow the leader" is inbred in our children. Our college youth occasionally runs amuck; but always in standardized form. It storms the movies and parades in pajamas, as formerly it stole the chapel bell or carried "Prexy's" cow into the recitation hall.

College dress, college behaviour, college sports and forms of hazing are of the approved sort, and woe unto the Freshmen who wear coloured socks, or broad-toed shoes when the upper classmen decree otherwise.

At the close of the war, I was the guest of a college president in the East, one of the many college presidents who believed that the war would cleanse our American youth, with its besom of fury. He told me that after the Armistice, he was glad to see the spirit of restlessness which had crept among his students. He hoped that they would revolt against poor teaching, padded lectures, against the insincerities of campus life, the corruption of athletics, and the control of the college by "old grads." He encouraged the coming revolution, and one day a committee, appointed by the student body, appeared in his office. The chairman, an ex-service man, thus addressed him:

"Mr. President, we have a serious complaint to make against the college."

Prexy's heart rejoiced. The time had come! The great moment! War's spiritual results! The renewal of college life!

"Speak on!" he urged the stammering youth.

"Mr. President, our first complaint is, that we have only one dance a month, and we want a dance once a week; and the second is, that we are served bread-pudding twice a week; and we believe that once is enough."

The revolution in our colleges is safely over. The lid is off on dances, and is on over bread-pudding.

In Europe, educators see salvation from the prevailing immortality, by establishing coeducation. It is a growing movement; while in the United States we are shaking our heads doubtfully, for the High Schools are eaten through by sex scandals, and the college campus, the green, sweet-smelling campus, is not as safe as it used to be.

In the pioneer stage, especially in the West, where the pioneers' struggle was prolonged by droughts, grasshoppers and cyclones—when a college education meant a struggle, coeducation was safe and sane. It is at least a question whether to-day it is either.

In many of our colleges young women come to the class-room dressed as if a semester were one long tea party, with interruptions for dances and movies. Pampered young men—mothers' darlings—come, with high-powered cars and low-powered brains, and the elective system enables them to choose a course which teaches them to do nothing, gracefully.

The pioneer spirit, now almost unknown, was the marrow of youth in the nation, and we are growing old to the degree of the drought in our bones, the signs of which are here. The passing of the West marks the passing of youth; to find

a new West, in industry and commerce, is not as easy as it was in agricultural days, when land could be had for the touch of the plow, and for the stringing of barbed wire around a quarter section. It was easy to retain the virtues of youth when we were challenged by long journeys in prairie schooners behind a pair of reluctant mules; but the pressing of a pedal on a six-cylinder car, develops neither muscle nor patience, not even skill, with a garage at every crossroad.

The forests of Wisconsin, the unbroken prairies of Kansas taught men self-reliance, and made labour an art, a sacrament and a prayer. To wield golf clubs and tennis racquets, to ride ponies at polo, to win a game or a tournament, are quite different from swinging an axe or guiding a plow over stump-sown fields; and the acquiring of a homestead is in quite another class from that of "developing" an estate.

The achievement now is to remain young when we are growing old, and national youth, or even a semblance of it, cannot be bought in beauty parlours. It is not in lotions and cosmetics; but in acquiring a spiritual personality, a national will, in harmony with the will of God.

In Europe I was very fortunate in being among young Americans who owe much of their inspiring youth to this very fact. They were wholesomely religious, the children of religious parents, with their inheritance not quite wasted. Most of

them were Quakers, generous in their sympathy. Among their co-workers were Jews, Roman Catholics, Methodists, Episcopalians; and some belonged to the "wild religions I have met" in the United States where the soil is favourable to new faiths. The Quakers have found the spirit of youth in the Spirit of God. Though theirs is the smallest among the denominations, without ritual, or sacrament, or ecclesiastical machinery, they showed their strength at a time when strength needed to be more than human. They withstood the nation's fiat, when resistance was treason, and they suffered the consequences. They conquered by relying upon the strength of God, and that is no cowardly escape into pious platitudes. Those who let God be the hammer are not spared being the anvil. That is His way of testing the faith of the faithful.

Branded by the stigma of the prison and pale from confinement there, many of them came, to prove their strength and courage—the courage of the solitary. I watched with awe, and reverence, those fighters of typhus, those heroes on the hunger line, who came out of lice-infested villages for a breath of clean air, for linen and soap; then plunged into the repellent mass again.

I shall never forget Arthur Watts, an English Quaker, emerging from the despair of Moscow, triumphant, like a young god, and as unconscious of his power as a child.

Anna Haines, from Massachusetts, alone, amidst the red terror of revolution and the white terror of starvation. They were true to the voice of God within, undisturbed by the tumult, the shouting of the multitude.

America needs religion, if it is to be saved from the paralysis of old age. It cannot be saved by advertising, by spurious conversions, inflated statistics, bowling alleys, swimming-pools, and lecture courses. It can be saved only by the heroism of men and women, who take upon themselves the consequences of Christian living.

In Europe I learned anew that America is worth saving, that she must be saved if a Christian civilization is ever to be established, and such a civilization must have, first of all, reverence for the human. Jesus made that the cornerstone of His teaching. He took little children and blessed them. He performed miracles of healing and feeding. He lifted man above Sabbath rigour, above the temple profiteers. He told the scribes and the Pharisees who wished to confuse Him by their questions, that a man was of more value than a sheep, as He wishes us to say that a man is worth more than all the stockyards in America, all the bonds and banks, all the stores and factories; "for what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Religion which is to save, or rather make for a Christian civilization—for as yet there is no such

civilization—must bridge the chasm between the like and the unlike, it must make Brotherhood real. It is no task for spiritual pigmies, thin-skinned pipers of popular preachments, hunters for big salaries, but a task for noble, brotherly men.

In Europe I saw my glorious pageant again, the pageant which the war had broken up, and which had sent the actors scurrying to their several corners. It is forming once more, but the order is not the same. Those who were first are last, there are shrunken columns, halting steps, faded flags, empty places, and the actors are not quite sure of their positions and lines. All of them look intently to America, the chosen one, leading them all past Marah's bitter springs, to Elim's sweet fountains. Can America ascend the smoking Sinai and bring down the law, graven by the finger of God? Has she the clean hands, the heart above national vanity? Can she ascend the Holy Hill? She can bring down Manna to starving people, quail for those who are hungry for fleshpots; but can she make them fear God and keep His commandments? Can she trust in the law of love? There is a promised land beyond Sinai, beyond struggles with Amalekites, Amorites, and Philistines; beyond tribal wars and jealous tribal gods. It is in that direction that America must lead, and if not America, then we who are of the nations,—even if the nations know us not, and America acknowledge us not.

XVIII

THE LAST BORDER

MY heart laughed within me when my face again turned Westward, for Westward is America and America is home.

My thirty-fifth Mayflower sailing from Holland, stopping at Plymouth; a safe, slow, one-funnelled tub, built for phlegmatic, middle-class folk, who care too much for life and have too much use for time, to want to live or move too fast. Dutch burghers, who ate salt herring and cheese for breakfast, sipped Leyden gin and smoked big, cheap cigars. Unprofitable passengers they are to the smoking-room stewards, who prefer Americans, of whom the ship carried a few, not of the profit-making or profitable kind. There were college and university professors, a missionary from Africa, a minister, a sedate, separate compartmented, Red Cross official, a jolly bunch of Red Cross nurses, a modestly-behaved consul and his charming wife, and one couple of newly-acquired breeding and distinction, and so conscious of both that they feared to lose them if they associated with the rest of us.

Besides the Dutch who go to America to sell

tulips, cheese and diamonds, and the Americans already mentioned, there were many immigrants in the first cabin. They were there because Uncle Sam enforces two weeks' quarantine upon the people who have only enough money for a second-class passage; while various bathings, sweatings, combings and disinfectings are thrust upon those whose still leaner pocketbooks condemn them to the steerage.

In the first cabin were many old people, mostly parents of flourishing immigrant folk, who spared no expense to get their kin away from the poverty and gloom of Europe. Old people they were though some are young in years; for each war year marked ten, in heart, and mind, and tissue.

I met a brilliant Russian Jewess, a physician, who spoke English after merely glancing at a dictionary. Ages old she seemed, though only somewhere in the disillusioned years between twenty-five and thirty. She revealed to me the tragedy of pogroms, the horror of waves of war; the terror of hunger and disease. She told me of the pressure of isolation upon her sensitive mind, used to contact with art and literature, and shut up for seven years, not in a prison of walls, yet as restrained and unfree as if chained to a block.

A German couple with two interesting children aboard our ship had lived in the United States for years. Thoroughly American in their love

for this country, speaking its language and loyal to it, but not citizens, merely through neglect, the war found them in Germany on a visit, and there was no escape. Imagine the situation! American in their sympathies, surrounded by German kin, German soldiers, and German propaganda. The war being over, there came the tedious years after the Armistice, with hopes deferred; till now at last, they were returning to freedom. They left the United States young and buoyant; they return old, very old.

The old, the really old are speechless, and often glistening tears alone tell the story of homesickness, their fear of this late transplanting, the terror of the sea, and questionings of the future, which gnaw at their hearts. I loved them and tried to comfort them, painting America rosier than it is, and visioning for them, their joy among their children and grandchildren.

The second cabin was full to overflowing. Happy throngs, immigrants of a new variety: artists in various fields, sculptors, painters, dancers, singers, from grand opera to vaudeville; a tenor who sings the high C, and a gymnast who walks the tight rope. Both proud of their talents, and generous in their performance for their fellow-passengers. There were budding violinists and pianists with visions of Carnegie Hall, proud mammas guarding their precious assets, the one thing the war has not destroyed. All sorts of

purveyors of pleasure there were, the disinherited, side-tracked, the bankrupt, the noble and ignoble, driftwood of the war.

The steerage looks empty, with its two hundred and fifty passengers rattling around in the space so often crowded by 2,500. None of them are giants for steel mills, and none of them have taut muscle for digging our coal. Most of those who now come are shabby clerks, erstwhile officials and officers, landscape gardeners from great estates, trainers of dogs and horses, and there were two young men, graduates of a German beer-brewing college, who had not heard of the Volstead act.

The ship was somber, as all Dutch ships are. A thin, stringed quartet played, out of tune, the Dutch sipped their gin undemonstratively, and the most exciting event of the trip was a shuffle-board tournament, out of which I emerged with the championship. My son will be proud of his dad's athletic glory.

There was a dance, but no abandonment to it; a concert was scheduled, but the artists were not in good trim, and it was a failure.

The ship's run was slow and grew slower, owing to head winds and poor coal. Every one was more or less depressed, especially the steerage passengers, for the new immigration law was effective and most of the immigrants were to be landed or returned, to be damned or saved, by the

accident of their birth under this flag or that, and whether the three per cent. measure was full or not.

Eleven long, dull days, and then the dawn of the twelfth, the angry gray of the sea turning to gentler blue, the air heavy from the heat of the shore, land birds fluttering, and one of them venturing upon the deck, responsive to the crumbs thrown for it.

A pencil-stroke against the horizon—the New World which I had hailed dozens of times, and hailed again; but my buoyancy of spirit was not shared by my fellow-voyagers who were hearing their anxious heart-beats above the slow churning of the sea.

The earth has changed and "all that therein is." I left a changed Europe, I was coming back to a changed America. They were all slow changes, almost unperceived, suddenly reaching a dramatic climax.

One of my fellow-Americans, who had been making a decided impression upon the ship's cargo of gin, and who grew gloomier, the nearer we came to the Great Sahara, said with a sigh, deep with measures of pints, quarts and gallons, —"This is where liberty stops." To him the change was one of alcoholic content, and the sigh was for the good old times, when "booze" could be obtained without hazard, and getting drunk was comparatively cheap.

Many of the Americans I met abroad saw the Goddess of Liberty with a black eye, her torch extinguished by near-beer.

This is a hard time for popular deities. The golden calf is suffering from tuberculosis, and its wasted parts are restored by papier-mâché.

Mars, having worked overtime for five years, has nervous prostration; for fighting on land, in the air, on the sea and under the sea, keeps even a god on edge and he would like to retire, if humanity would let him.

And the Goddess of Liberty! What sins have been committed, what blasphemies have been uttered in her name! When I passed her this time I thought she looked anæmic from worry, and was ready to leave her snug island.

She is no more the popular goddess, no forest of outstretched arms greeted her, no thousand-throated throng acclaimed her. *"À bas Liberty!"* they say now, and turn their backs as they pass her. I wanted to comfort her, and tell her that she has certainly been good to us, to millions and millions who escaped persecution, poverty, filth and ignorance, and to whom she has so generously opened the way.

It was not easy for us, yonder on Manhattan Island, breathing its hard, metallic air, buffeted by the heartless throng; but many of us fared better than we deserved, and found as much liberty as we were capable of using.

There were dozens of ships at quarantine, breathlessly lying at anchor, polluting the bay, food for the watchful gulls. They had raced each other across the Atlantic, and lay fretting at the bar. Quarantine officers came aboard at last, and a shiver seemed to run down the ship's spine, for there was typhus in Europe, and a long, dull quarantine loomed as a possibility. They were in no hurry. The steerage passengers were searched to the seams of their shirts, and the slow hours bred one rumour after another. "Vermin has been found!" And that meant three days in quarantine. "A death from typhus!" And the days grew into weeks.

The bay was alive with craft. A sister boat passed us, eastward bound, and the crew sent a roaring greeting to the "home folks." A ferry-boat manœuvered gracefully, and passed under the nose of our ship. We looked down upon the workers, who were bound for Manhattan, and they looked at us. Some friendly souls waved to us, and we accepted the salutation as a welcome.

There were fishing parties in frail boats, chugging tugs pulling long fleets of loaded barges, sail-boats stretching their wings, and above us military planes, purring their way among the silent gulls.

An old picture, but it always gives me new thrills, and I felt the first, deep stirring in my

soul, since I had sailed out of this harbour. I feasted my eyes on the low hills of Staten Island, the forest of masts and funnels, the mighty spans bridging the river, and in the background, the Himalayas of business, quarrelling in the blue sky, as to who shall be the greatest in the Kingdom of Mammon.

The quarantine boat at last departed, and the ship breathed more easily; but no anchor chains rattled, and we waited in mute anxiety. Then the boat returned, and hope was changed to fear.

Another long search for germs and germ carriers, then it went away for good, and the delayed immigrant officers came on board. The most welcome and the most feared. The passengers were divided into the " sheep and the goats," the aliens and the citizens. I have seen much mental anguish among immigrants, but none to compare with the percentage torture. The attitude of the American people toward the immigration problem is reflected in the treatment of steerage passengers, and the journey from the quarantine to Ellis Island is like passing from the police court to prison. Rough usage, curses, indelicacy of feeling, the whole environment of a penal institution at its worst, surround the immigrant who comes in under the new law.

The percentage law will always be a cruel law, unless wisely administered and generously interpreted: and it would be a good thing to employ

officials who are not strangers to gentlemanly instincts.

The immigrant's head tax of $8 and the passport visé of $10, should entitle him to fair treatment, not to mention our boast that the "square deal" is an American virtue.

The cloud of uncertainty was at last lifted, and after ten hours' delay, which seemed like ten days, we were being pushed into our dock. One more mild torture, the customs examination, and I had crossed the last border and was home again. It was my most solemn home-coming, and I thanked God that America is my home; not because I came from among starving peoples and back to a land of comparative plenty, but because here is a chance to make my life count, in the struggle against the forces which would make of America a narrow, selfish, brutal counterpart of European nationalism.

I have grown suddenly old and not a little disillusioned. I know the odds against those of us who see the Kingdom of God afar, and who want to bring it near. Nations do not care to be saved by teachers and preachers, but by politicians and soldiers; theirs is as yet the way of the sword, and not of the cross. I would be a poor patriot, however, if I would not cast my life into the balance, make war upon war, and oppose the Pagan state which has room only for a tribal god and for tribal morality.

As an American I was never more in love with my country than now, coming as I do out of the tombs of Empires, and from the grave of a civilization. If I could, I would save my country from the doom of Europe, and to that end she must think with the international mind and feel with the interracial heart.

Beyond the years I see an integrated humanity, not melted into a bell, but shaped into chimes. Each nation rallying around the note which woos its heart, out of which come its songs of cheer, and comfort songs for the dark days; but all the notes shall blend with each other, to the praise of a common Father. That day is coming, and it will come the sooner, if America attunes herself now, to the great doxology.

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